The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 676.

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COUPON for our 5th "CENTRES" COMPETITION

For particulars see page 663.

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The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

Heard at the Hippodrome, after the performance of the latest dance: What made the Turkey Trot?

* * *

Jack Johnson, so I learn, is anxious to sit on the Chicago Council. If he intends this in any spirit of animosity, I feel distinctly sorry for the Chicago Council.

* * *

The height of Fashion—Chicago 30-inch hats.

* * *

When Mr. W. J. Trew, the famous Rugby footballer, declares his eternal allegiance to the lady of his choice, does he declare: "I will be for ever Trew"?

* * *

No, Cuthbert, that article you mention on "Fighting the Frost" had nothing to do with the frenzied efforts of any theatrical manager to get the public to come and see his "dud" show.

* * *

"A weekly contemporary prints a lurid article entitled "After Dark in Leicester." Is it, then, that they mo-Leicester, what?

* * *

Says Helen Rowland: "A man's winning card is his knowledge of how to treat a woman." Yes—and the really knowing card treats her to something expensive.

* * *

A weekly paper says that there was a free fight in a Strand restaurant recently. From my experience of Strand restaurants, I'm willing to make a small bet that the fight was the only item of the entertainment that *was* free.

* * *

The editor of a contemporary in his Answers to Correspondents, says to one reader: "Sell your stud and buy a motor-car." If I sold both of mine, back and front, I doubt whether I'd realise enough even to purchase a bicycle.

* * *

A new play is called: "The Secret Woman." Is this because she can't keep herself?

* * *

I wonder if the members of the London Manx Society bar the telling of stories at their meetings—if, in other words, they have no tales.

* * *

Backers who have been "following the money" all the season say that it has led them up the spout.

* * *

The schoolboys of Birmingham are being taught to mend their clothes. Some of the local parsons say they ought to learn to mend their ways.

* * *

Says a contemporary: "Who is the best short-story writer of the day? The great critics plump for Leonard Merrick." I should have thought that the word "plump" would have been more appropriate to Gilbert K. Chesterton.

J. S. Cox.

SUCH IS FAME.

Mr. Robert Loraine, the actor-airman, tells this good story against himself.

He served as a volunteer in the Boer War for fourteen months, and eventually returned to England after having taken part in over thirty actions, big and little.

Soon after his return he was sitting in the lounge at the Carlton when a former acquaintance came up to him.

"Hullo, old man," said the new-comer, "you're looking brown. Been down to Brighton?"

PISCATORIAL WISDOM.

Sir Edward Grey, the new Knight of the Garter, is, of course, an enthusiastic and expert angler, and has written charmingly on his favourite pursuit.

He is fond of quoting the remark of a Highland ghillie who, after a poor day's sport, sought to console Sir Edward by gravely saying: "Ye canna compel fish."

Here in a nutshell is much piscatorial wisdom, for every angler knows that there are days when, though the water is right, and the weather is right, and the angler is right, the fish simply will not bite, and you cannot compel them to.

THE SAVING GRACE.

Following on the news that King Alfonso is growing face-fins, Mr. Frank Richardson is reported to have entered a monastery, but we hope that rumour lies, for we could ill afford to spare the great Whisker Expert.

When he was up at Trinity, Mr. Richardson's tutor was that very brilliant man, Professor Yorke-Powell. According to Mr. Richardson's own account, even the Professor failed to teach him anything, and one day the tutor said to the hopeless pupil:

"Richardson, you will always be a fool, but your sense of humour may prevent you from being a damned fool."

HE FUNKED THE FIGS.

Sir Rufus Isaacs's first client was a fruit merchant, against whom a costermonger had brought an action, alleging that certain figs he had purchased from the wholesaler were unfit for human food.

The coster was cross-examined by Mr. Isaacs, and soon grew restive.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor," he burst forth, "some o' them figs is in Court. You eat three o' them, and if you ain't sick in five minutes I'll lose me case."

Mr. Isaacs declined the invitation, and the Judge suggested that his client should undergo the ordeal by fig.

"What will happen if I don't eat these figs?" whispered the fruit merchant to his counsel.

"You will lose your case," said Mr. Isaacs.

"All right, then, I'll lose it," was the defendant's emphatic reply.

A SHORT WAY WITH NUISANCES.

When he was up at Cambridge, Viscount Deerhurst, who will, in course of time, be Earl of Coventry, was annoyed one day by a cigar merchant's tout who called at his rooms and pestered him to buy some cigars. Lord Deerhurst did not want the weeds, but the tout was insistent, and only cleared out under threats of violence. As it was, he left three boxes of cigars on the table, with the obvious intention that Lord Deerhurst should be tempted to smoke them. Lord Deerhurst, however, was not having any. He took the cigars and pitched them out of the window, and what became of them doesn't matter.

In due course the firm in question sent in a bill for £15 for the cigars. Lord Deerhurst refused to pay, and the firm county-courted him.

The judge, however, upheld Lord Deerhurst, declared that he was under no obligation either to keep or to return the cigars, and dismissed the case, with costs against the plaintiffs.

The tip is a useful one, for there are firms who send goods unsolicited, and then claim to be paid for them if you do not return them within a certain time. You are under no obligation to do so, nor are you responsible for their safe custody.

FRAGMENTS AND FALLACY

A SKETCH.

By A. G. STORM.

Many are called, but few are chosen.

The two fragments tell a story in themselves. Their author, who has become something of a philosopher these latter days, has no objection to their publication. Indeed, it is he who has chosen the words above, which strike the keynote of the tale—words which may be taken bitterly or simply, as your experiences may dictate.

The first fragment is from a letter dated some five years ago.

" . . . . You ask (he answers me) why I have given her up. She was good, and noble, and pure—all that I had ever desired or imagined in womanhood. My mate, if ever one was made for me!

" Then why?

" Understand at once that the decision is entirely mutual. No dispute. No distrust. Only the natural pain which comes from the rending asunder of two lives all but one.

" Then how is it that I can do it? Deliberately and intentionally cut out the roots of my happiness? Don't think it has cost me nothing in agony and doubt—the doubt which sees, but is too cowardly to believe.

" There is a time in the affairs of man when the opportunity is presented to him of being great or small, according to the limitations which are within his own nature.

" To be great is to be of use to others, to be small is to be of use to oneself.

" I could have married Angela and been happy—happy in an ever-diminishing circle of concentrated aim and selfishness. But this was not what we wanted. We wanted to be sacrificial . . . . to hold up our lives like torches to illumine the darkness of the world. We wished the happiness that was promised to us to be taken out and spread abroad—a few divine seeds falling on a hungry and thirsty land. It was impossible that it could be done in company. For if we were together we should be happy, taking our happiness for ourselves. . . . You can't both have and yield in the inchoate transactions of life.

" Oh, foolish and sublime egoists, I hear you say! And perhaps you are right . . . . perhaps . . . . perhaps. . . .

" But, I ask you, how different a humanity if all tried this self-distribution. And was not the purest Altruist in the world ' a light to lighten the Gentiles '?

" I anticipate your question—in what way shall we make ourselves of use? Well, she has her music and I have my painting, and out of the hunger for each other will proceed an idea of Beauty, a conception of Fulfilment, which will surely be manifested in our work. At least, we are going to try. . . .

" Be gentle in your judgment of us. I feel like a helpless thing in darkness plodding on alone towards a certain and pre-destined dawn."

* * * * * * *

There ended his confession. The letter from which I lift the second fragment bears a date nearly three years later. There had been other letters in between, but they were mostly a record of his happenings rather than emotions. Like most sensitive men, he was chary of his confidences.

* * * * * * *

" She was married yesterday (he begins). You'll know whom I refer to. Oddly enough, it doesn't hurt. It almost hurts me that it doesn't hurt. I've altered so much in the past two years that I can hardly recognise myself. I try to recapture the old idealistic visitors which once uplifted me and eventually befooled me. For they led me out into the desert and there forsook me—and I wandered back to the place I started from, a changed man.

" And now this new inhabitant of my flesh won't have 'em at any price. He says—and quite rightly—' The world isn't a huge slate, for you to scrawl your insignificant name upon, expecting it to be indelible. It is a ponderous Die—and you are the metal—and on you it has placed the impress it willed.'

" And that is why I am an advertisement specialist—not a painter of great and enduring master-pieces—a craftsman in splash and daub. You'll have seen my stuff on the hoardings. . . .

" And the irony of the matter is that I am far more useful than I had suspected that I should be. Sweet are the uses of advertisement and weighty is the lucre which emanates therefrom.

" Yet sometimes, in silence and in loneliness, I remember that desert and wonder whether I left it too soon. True, my ideals forsook me, but that is the meaning of deserts. And, deep in my being, a voice says to me: ' The light was there; you would have found it had you stayed.'

" Last night, wandering in a dark street, I saw a man kiss a woman. Saw her face lift up to his and their passionate embrace. And I am always looking at children desiring that they were mine.

" I ran away from my happiness, that was what was the matter with me. It requires courage to be happy—and I hadn't enough. . . . "

PROBLEM OF THE RHODES SCHOLAR.

The Oxford Rhodes scholars have been markedly successful in University sport, more particularly in athletics. Some newspaper critics have found in this superiority proof of the athletic degeneracy of the modern Oxonian and Cantab, but the argument is highly fallacious.

Certainly the Rhodes scholar, like all American athletes, understands training, and is more scientific and persevering in his methods than our men; but he beats them mainly because he is usually an older man, with his powers more fully developed.

In short, the Rhodes scholar is, so to speak, a " three-year-old " competing against " two-year-olds," and, given " class " in both cases, the three-year-old is almost bound to win.

In this respect the Rhodes scholar is something of a problem. He is not personally unpopular, but the British undergraduate is only human if he feels a trifle sore over the physical advantage the Rhodes scholar's maturity gives him in athletic contests.

SWINGS OR STRAIGHT PUNCHES?

SITUATIONS WHEN EACH SHOULD BE USED.

One of the greatest mistakes a boxer can make—and, by the way, a very prevalent mistake—is to swing when a straight lead should be used, and to try a straight punch when a swing was the only thing to do.

It stands to reason that what " gets there " quickest is the most telling mode of both attack and defence; consequently, *when there is nothing to stop you,* punch straight out.

What is the use of wasting time (one instant counts in boxing), energy, and space by " swinging " when you can land your fist straight?

Swings are generally more useful in clinches than anywhere else. As we all know, a clinch is where the two men are momentarily apparently locked together, very often with arms intertwisted, each man trying to hit the other, while stopping the other from hitting him.

It is obvious that here a straight hit is out of the question; but it is often possible to get one hand free and swing it either to the ribs, or round the other man's arm to the side of the jaw.

A very clever young boxer, who was killed not long ago, lost his life, so a great many experts declare, through having swung when he might have led straight out.

" You spoil yourself—good as you are—with your right, Jack," they used to say to him; but still he went on landing out swings, which, however, hurt like Hades when they got home.

However, in the fight in question—against a powerful negro boxer—the Britisher swung and slipped. This turned his left side round, leaving the nigger an excellent opportunity for a smashing blow on the heart. He took it—and the Englishman never opened his eyes again.

Swings, however, are a very useful item in a boxer's bag of tricks, and the best time, perhaps, to use them is immediately after a quick " side-step."

HAS THE KING CHOSEN WISELY?

'CHINSTRAP" IN GROUSING MOOD.

I don't know why—probably it is the infernal monotony of our climate getting on my nerves—but I feel in grousing mood, and to begin with I wish to utter a mild howl about the Prince of Wales being appointed to a cavalry regiment.

Why should Royalty always favour the cavalry? I don't wish to make any unnecessary or unpleasant comparisons, but after all the cavalry are not the backbone of the British Army. Their importance in war has steadily decreased.

On the other hand, battles, as of yore, are still won by the infantry man, and the line regiment is the backbone of the Army.

WHY NOT SOME OF BOTH?

Therefore I think it is a great pity that the Prince of Wales is not going to spend his military service in a line regiment. Anyway, he might divide his service between the cavalry and the infantry, on the same principle that his Royal Highness is eventually going to both Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

Royal Artillery readers will at once say, why should we be left out in the cold, and no doubt Sappers and Moketrainers will also put in a plea for Royal recognition.

I certainly think the Prince might well spend a portion of his service in the Royal Regiment of Artillery, for the Gunner has come to play an increasingly big part in war, but the Royal Engineers and the Army Service Corps are, *comparatively speaking*, minor arms.

Anyway, the Pragga Wagga, as Oxford undergraduates call him, cannot very well serve in every branch of the Service, and I merely advance the claims of the infantry as being the predominant partner in the Army concern, and as the men upon whom, so far as military operations go, the safety of the nation has always depended and ever will depend.

NO KOW-TOWING.

It may be said that in a line regiment the Prince would be mixing with poor men, and that his presence among them would mean a lot of show and expense. I am not aware that the officers, senior or junior, of H.M.S. *Hindustan* were rich men, or that the Prince of Wales's service with them added a penny to their expenses.

Then it may be contended that in a line regiment the Prince would be mixing with middle-class men who would be sycophantic towards him.

Again, I am unaware that the ward-room or gun-room of H.M.S. *Hindustan* kow-towed to Midshipman H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the generality of naval officers are middle-class men.

So far as that goes, the Prince is far more likely to meet with flatterers and toadies in the cavalry than in the infantry.

The son of the successful tradesman gravitates naturally into the cavalry because he can afford the expense. There is no particular reason why he should not be a good chap, but it is only human nature if the parvenu is more likely to be a sycophant than the gentleman by birth and descent such as the majority of line officers are. Is not a certain cavalry regiment known as the " Trades Union," because from time to time it has harboured so many sons of successful shopkeepers?

ENCOURACING NEW OFFICERS.

I cannot see any serious objection to the Prince of Wales serving for a time in a line regiment.

Naturally there would be jealousy and heartburnings over the corps selected, but that is inevitable whichever branch of the Service the Prince enters. He would presumably choose a " Royal " infantry regiment, and the non-Royal corps would not grumble at that.

There is a great shortage of infantry officers, for their life nowadays contains far more kicks than ha'pence.

The Prince as an infantry officer would stimulate recruiting for the commissioned ranks, while he would gain an insight into the undoubted hardships and grievances of the infantry officer, to obtain whom it is becoming an increasingly serious problem with the military authorities.

Kings must be democratic nowadays, and in the infantry our future Sovereign would gain an experience of military and social democracy which he certainly would not get in the aristocratic or pseudo-aristocratic atmosphere of a crack cavalry corps.

I am not saying that the Prince of Wales will not have to soldier in the 10th or 18th Hussars. Before he is dismissed drill he will have, among other tests, to ride in the ranks, to saddle, bit and turn out a horse in marching order and to harness a horse in the squadron cart. But the cavalry are a small and relatively unimportant arm, and their life is not typical of the British officer or man.

INWARDNESS OF MILITARY LIFE.

The Prince has been put through the naval mill, and I am sure he would be the first to welcome the chance of learning the true inwardness of the lives of the great majority of his future military subjects.

Therefore I humbly suggest that the Prince of Wales should spend at least a portion of his military career with a " foot-slogging," " beetle-crushing " regiment.

My second growl concerns the rank and file, and the recent instructions which practically put an end to re-engagement.

Let me explain that a soldier enlists for a certain period with the Colours. At the end of this time he may extend his service, in the case of infantry from 7 to 12 years, and at the end of 12 years he may re-engage to complete 21 years service.

Now, for reasons best known to themselves, the authorities do not want men to re-engage, and have issued instructions accordingly.

HARD ON THE OLD HANDS.

I am well aware that extension and re-engagement have always been a privilege, not a right, but hitherto no obstacle has been placed in the way of the good man wishing to re-engage. Now practically none is to be allowed to re-engage.

This is the very way to discourage the best class of recruit—that is, the man who enters the Army not because he is hungry or in trouble of some kind, but because he is keen on soldiering, and intends to make the Army his profession for life.

Such men are not likely to enlist when 12 years is to be the limit of their service.

The new regulations, however, are flagrantly unjust to men already in the Service who enlisted or " extended " on the understanding that they would be able to re-engage.

Certainly, as I say, re-engagement has always been subject to approval, but hitherto that has been purely a formal regulation.

Apparently the authorities are bent not only on discouraging the Territorial, but on making the Army anything but a profession.

" CHINSTRAP."

GUARDSMEN'S PRIVILEGES.

The Brigade of Guards, which is composed of four regiments—namely, the Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, and Irish Guards—has various privileges, which, of course, are jealously guarded, and somewhat jealously regarded by less favoured corps.

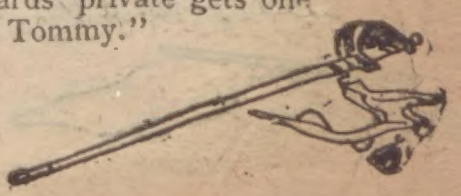
Guards' officers, for instance, are not to be put on duty with other troops, nor are officers of other corps to be put on duty with, or to command men of, the Foot Guards. In short, the Guards' Brigade keeps itself to itself, and declines to mix with ordinary and plebeian regiments.

Nowhere is esprit de corps stronger than in the regiments composing the Brigade of Guards.

The colonel-in-chief of the Brigade is the Sovereign, but each regiment has its own colonel, under whom is a regimental lieutenant-colonel who exercises the active command.

Whenever the King or Queen, or both, goes in State in a carriage, or when any Royal State procession takes place, the Guards' field-officer in brigade-waiting rides on the left of the Royal carriage near the hind wheel.

The actual regimental pay of a Guards' officer is the same as that of the ordinary infantry officer, but then, in addition to his regular pay, he receives " Guards' Pay," which ranges from the £70 a year of the second lieutenant to the £250 a year extra of the colonel or lieutenant-colonel commanding a regiment of Foot Guards. The Guards' private gets one penny a day more than the ordinary " Tommy."



PRIVATE DARKNESS

A TERRITORIAL STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The three Territorials who showed up the interior of the South-Eastern carriage by the smartness of their gleaming buttons and general appearance, must have noticed me adversely comparing them with the fourth man, who was an anomaly—not a glint on him from the regimental badge on his cap to the last button of his tunic.

"That's Private Darkness. Allow me introduce you," said the sergeant. In ordinary life he was the man who sent me in my hosiery bill.

"Didn't you know they called us the Christy Minstrels—and all through Private Petty, there?"

Private Petty blushed and fell to studying his boots, which, though otherwise clean, did not bear the gloss that the veriest recruit is jealous of in the dirtiest weather.

"We've been reconnoitring against the North Kent lot," Private Petty explained. "I've taken trouble with these chaps—but I can't get it to stick in their thick heads that a full moon is death on plated badges and buttons. Gives you away at once. Simply can't make 'em believe it. And you take to-night. They were all——"

"You say it and I shall give you *right* away," said the Sergeant, warningly.

Private Petty raised his chin.

"They were all captured bar me," he said, withering them with a glance.

The three smart men wilted where they sat.

Then the Sergeant flushed, choked, and kicked the South-Eastern and Chatham's dusty cushion, veiling Private Petty in dust. Private Petty smiled a little, but otherwise made no protesting movement.

"We used to call him the dirtiest man in the regiment. No wonder a little thing like this here dust doesn't affect him," said the Sergeant. "You know that we rather fancied ourselves. Why did you join, Petty? It's never occurred to me to ask you that before."

"Why, it was a Colonel Something who came down to our part of the world when the Territorial boom was on," said Private Petty, obligingly. "There was the usual female element in the audience. My female element was there with me. The Colonel said no young woman ought to walk out with a chap as wasn't a Territorial. He said only the well-trained deserved the fair. Swore it would make 'em smarter than the next man. Well, I never was one to toff myself up. My female element said I'd got to join. She put it down to love for her country, but she saw no further than the swankiness of me."

"Doesn't attempt to deny what a slacker he always was, you see," said the Sergeant. "He was handed out his uniform in the ordinary course of events——"

Private Darkness sneered.

"And with the usual remarks," he said. "The Sergeant-Major gave it me with a yard of twaddle. Said I was expected to keep up the traditions of the regiment. Traditions of the regiment seemed to me to be green buttons. You must admit I took the green off, Sergeant, and I should say that the man who had that uniform before me kept it in a subway under a river; it was that full of verdy grease."

The Sergeant laughed scornfully.

"If it had been me it might have mattered, but with a man who used to wear a cheat—yes, sir, a cheat—and a made-up tie, I can't see that it would have injured his susceptibilities any. Still, thanks to our officer's rather keen eye and leanings on the side of the strictly penute, he had his dressings-down——"

"For not dressing up," Private Darkness put in.

"Humour as faded as his clothes," said the Sergeant, "and as worn. Still, I'll say for him that he took more interest in his duties than in his personal appearance, which is the reason, I may say, that he was not hoofed out long ago. He fancied himself in the signalling class. "I think our Sergeant-Instructor had hopes that as he got on in the flag-waving and twinkling-the-lamp line he'd get swanky—not a bad thing for some men—and take to spending an odd minute now and then a-polishing up his buttons.

"Our little nights out, he used to stand on tops of hills and up church towers, kiddin' himself he was Morse, I think.

"But all the same his buttons remained duller than the buttons on a last season's show waistcoat.

"One night against this very North Kent lot, we'd—er—we'd——"

"Got captured as usual," said Private Darkness, with the swiftness that a man employs in sticking his adversary with a bayonet.

"We'd allowed ourselves to fall into the hands of a strong party of the enemy, so that their attention might be directed to us instead of on the main body, at that moment filterin' through their lines," the Sergeant corrected him. "And our captors turnin' out to be as near matches to us in the way of thinkin' as the spots on a blue foulard tie, we explained our case. They, even they, allowed that, bein' certainly *as* smart as any battalion about there (modesty wouldn't let 'em say the style and title of the other battalion), we had our grievance, and a deep-rooted one at that.

"They consented to aid us.

"Up in an adjacent Church Tower our Private Darkness was enjoyin' himself mis-readin' and mis-transmittin' signals, fondly imagining he was being a bit of use. But even his shift man wouldn't be seen in his company and had barged off on the first op., kiddin' he was on finding a more suitable place, the line of battle having taken a sweep round, consequent on the envelopin' of our main body.

"It was to this tower that we directed 'em—the way was legally clear, and, bein' temporarily cut off from there, the staff officers couldn't have got to him anyway.

"They slithered up the belfry steps and captured him neatly, foldin' him about with cloaks, enclosin' his arms and legs, like you do when you're dosin' a kitten. Then they blacked him up with burnt cork to match his general appearance.

"Then they said, 'There ain't as much as the shimin' soap you haven't rinsed off a-gleamin' on your face now. Pass, Private Darkness,' they says, 'all's well!'

"That was strategy, if you like, to let him loose. And have you, sir, ever tried to get burnt cork off your face with a dry handkerchief. It—well, it makes the effect worse.

"In this state he reported himself to our Captain, who had rejoined the main body. Like mother's darlin' he told him the whole story.

"'They seem to have fathomed the depths of your character, Private Petty,' says the Captain."

"He didn't," growled the dull-buttoned one. "He said, 'Private Darkness.' I've been that ever since."

"You see?" said the Sergeant triumphantly. "He's actually proud of it. And he was at the time. Went running about with his tongue out, dry with sayin' it, 'Captain's called me "Private Darkness," and don't you forget that's my name,' he said. Did'n't you, Darkness?"

"That's right. But I had my reasons. I wanted you to inform our friends the enemy—for reasons."

"Oh, hang you and your reasons."

"*Just* so," said Private Petty. "Look here, Mister. They've been running on slick enough with the part of the story where the enemy scored off me. But there was a sequel. And I shall tell it myself——"

The quality of the Private's stories were evidently too well known.

"Why, y'know," the Sergeant put in hastily, "the Private felt rather hurt. (Er—don't you butt in, Darkness; I swear I'll be fair). His version—er, the true version doubtless—is that he doesn't polish his buttons because on moonlight nights he considered it bad policy."

"Gleam's keener than sunlight on sloped bayonets," growled the Private.

"Exactly. Of course you know you have in Private Darkness a farmer of the thirty-ninth water when he's at work. What he does not know about duck feeding and looking at the land is not worth knowing. Sleeps against a haystack in summer more restful and picturesque than any man I know.

"I tell you this because the next time we were out we manœuvred over some of his guvnor's pasturage, the hilly land where he puts the bullocks, and the pancake plantations where the sheep are. That's in inverse ratio to where they ought to be, of course.

"We'd been advised this would be the scene of our operations. It was once again a full moon night, and we looked forward to a little cattle-driving to improve the shining hour.

"But it was our shining buttons and badges that Private Darkness was bent on improving off the face of the earth.

"Just as our company was coming on over what appeared to be a pole bridge over a bit of weed-grown ditch, down collapsed the poles, and we found ourselves in as nice a bit of peaty bog as there is outside Ireland.

"And no one looked more surprised than Private Darkness, who went in with us—he that had put the flimsy poles over the dry ditch that very morning!

"We just went down on our faces pretty, and when we rose from that black ditch there was no more shine on us than there is on a sweep's face. Not one suggestion of our vigorous pinking was on either the badges which were our pride, nor the buttons that ran 'em a good second.

"Our Captain, who had taken the bridge first in gallantly leadin' us on against the theoretical bullets of the enemy, didn't do more than smile much; he liked young Darkness, rather, on account of his swanky signalling.

"Little thing like that wasn't supposed to bother us one little bit. Before us was the bit of risin' ground, and on the other side the enemy. Ours was to do and die even if damp. So we shimmered up the hill, and within perhaps ten minutes the enemy, who had not caught our familiar glint, were ours. We had proceeded from the ditch in very open formation on all fours, and they had taken us for cattle. They said they hadn't expected a company of Christy Minstrels."

"No," said Private Darkness with deep satisfaction, "they'd been looking for a lot of asses whose idea of makin' 'emselves inconspicuous is polishing up the badges and buttons of their neutral colour uniform."

5th 'CENTRES' COMPETITION

A Bicycle for the Best.

TEN HALF-CROWN CONSOLATION PRIZES.

We have pleasure in offering another bicycle for the best "Centre," and ten half-crown consolation prizes for those which come next in merit.

The phrase from which you must form your "Centre" is "Anglers' Stories."

If you examine these words, you will find that the centre letters are "L" and "R" respectively. Now, we want you to form a phase of two words beginning with "L" and "R" respectively, and bearing some relation in meaning to the phrase given.

The two words may be humorous, serious, or pathetic, whichever you like. For example, your "Centre" might be "Lies Re-told," but don't use that one, for it is only an example.

If you prefer it, the first word may begin with "R" and the second with "L."

Write your "Centre" on the coupon for our 5th "Centres" Competition appearing on page 658, and forward it to "5th Centre," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, to reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday, March 5. The result will appear in our issue published on Monday, March 11.

Send as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a penny stamp. If you send two attempts, enclose two stamps; if you send three attempts, enclose three stamps, and so on.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition.

The Editor's decision is final and binding in every respect, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

3rd 'CENTRES' COMPETITION RESULT

The phrase set in our third "Centres" Competition was "Skating Beginners." Again the bicycle goes to Leeds, the phrase sent by Mr. F. L. Easby, 14, Upper Fountaine Street, Leeds, being by far the best—namely, "Numerous I.H.S."

Consolation prizes of half a crown each have been sent to those whose "Centres" come next in merit: Messrs. A. H. Mace, 52, Crwys Road, Cardiff; E. Heywood, 4, Churchyard Side, Nantwich, Ches.; E. Harvey, Chadlington, Charlbury, Oxon; G. F. Smith, 114, Clarendon Street, Hull; E. Spong, 14, Ridley Street, Leicester; Robert Hay, 100, Newton Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; D. Brown, 21, Gilburn Place, Shotts, Lanarkshire; H. F. Smith, 167, Teignmouth Road, St. Marychurch, Torquay; P. R. Hambrook, 15, Lyme Gardens, Weston, Bath; G. Low, Staff, Kinnaird Castle, Brechin, Scotland.

CHANGING AT THE OFFICE

TIPS FOR THE MAN WHO HAS TO GET INTO EVENING DRESS.

It will not infrequently happen that a man may have some engagement to dine or go to a theatre so soon after his day's work is over that he is allowed no time wherein to return home and "get into glad rags," to use the phrase of the not exiguous army of slangists who see a certain amount of "priggishness" in the stilted expression "change into evening dress." We will consider that he knows of this engagement before starting out for the office—in which case he packs up a small suit-case or portmanteau with his dress-clothes, etc., and changes at the office after work.

SOME EMPLOYERS OBJECT.

That is, he does so if his position is of sufficient importance to allow of his making use of the office for such a purpose. Many employers are rather fussy on a point like this, and if you have the slightest reason to suspect that your "boss" might not like it, you will be well advised to go to some small hotel and have a bath; there are all sorts of places where you can do this for quite a small sum; and you can change in the bath-room. If there are municipal baths close at hand your problem is simplified.

But to get back to the subject of changing at the office; this is not always convenient. The reason is that so few offices have rooms wherein you can dress in comfort and without interruption. Here, however, are some hints that may spare a certain amount of vexation to men who find themselves compelled to do so.

UNSEEN AUDIENCE.

A point that some forget is the danger of being overlooked. It is distinctly disconcerting to be struggling ungracefully into or out of a shirt, and then to hear the laughter, musical or otherwise, of the girl-typists from the office on the other wing of the building whose windows are above and opposite to yours.

Many offices have windows which are opaque at the bottom half but of ordinary clear glass at the top. This means that though you cannot be seen from below you can from above. However, this difficulty can often be surmounted by hanging a big map over the top half or fixing a few sheets of newspaper over it with drawing-pins, if there is no blind.

A word now about packing your bag. Be very careful that you've got everything in. In the rush to get down to breakfast and into the train you will sometimes miss out something whose omission will make you swear like a thwarted brigand in melodrama when the time comes to change.

HOW TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING.

The great tip is to dress yourself in imagination, and to put into the bag every item in turn as you think of it. Begin with your feet, say. Well, first you pack a pair of dark-coloured socks, then your patent shoes or boots. Next your shirt, then a stick-up collar and a dress-tie. A clean handkerchief, your hairbrushes and comb, and, last, the dress suit itself.

Let me repeat, don't forget your shoes, otherwise you might find yourself absolutely forced to go to your dinner, or whatever it may be, in a faultless evening suit, whose splendour was marred only too thoroughly by the brogue shoes you had been wearing all day.

Another very important item in the contents-list of your bag is a little mirror. If your office has a private room containing a looking-glass you will not need the mirror; but the latter will be a great assistance to you in tying your tie if your improvised changing-room is unprovided with a glass.

When you are fully dressed, pack all your discarded day-kit into the bag. If you have time you will be wise to take it to the cloak-room at the station which serves your suburban retreat; but if not, you can send it there by a district-messenger, telling him to bring on the ticket to you at the theatre or restaurant. Lastly, don't forget to bring an overcoat to the office to wear over your dress-kit.

H. J. Lever.

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

7.—MY FIRST DEAL IN BLACKMAIL.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men and women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

The letter was signed "Suzette." Crest and address told me that Suzette was the Countess of Flington (I may as well alter names myself as have them altered editorially). It was the warmest love-letter I had ever struck. It almost made me perspire.

The writer was admittedly one of the prettiest women in England, and her marriage a few years before to a brewer three times her age, who had climbed to the peerage on the top of his beer barrels and his money bags, had created a sensation.

AN INDISCREET LETTER.

The letter by itself would have made any other evidence superfluous; it was hopelessly, absolutely, finally, incontrovertibly conclusive in the proof it obtruded of the relations that had existed between the fair writer and the lucky recipient. All through the communication the latter was addressed as "Archie"—not Archie plain, but Archie adjectived—scorchingly adjectived. The envelope showed that Archie was "Archibald Efferton, Esq., Lieutenant—Battery, Royal Horse Artillery."

Oh, Archie, how could you? And then to have become engaged—for that was what it looked like—to that nice girl to whom you were saying good-bye at King's Cross! This incriminating epistle, you know, was in that valise of yours. With some other papers and your cheque-book I had taken it from the pocket; and now, running short of reading matter in the train after crossing the border into Scotland, I had bethought me of these papers, and was interesting myself by running through them.

WHO WOULD PAY MOST?

This letter was a find—a real find. The question was, would old Lord Flington give me more for it in order to bring Suzette and Archie into the Divorce Court than either or both of the two latter would give me for it in order to keep out of the Divorce Court? This would be my first deal in blackmail, and I must consider how best to set about it—after I had enjoyed my intended fling in Edinburgh.

I had been ambitious to do the canny Scots out of a bit before leaving, but my intentions in this direction were frustrated; for, after little more than a week, my visit was cut short by an untoward incident—or what I had to regard as a very untoward incident indeed until I saw my way to turn it to my own ends for my own good.

I was staying at the Balmoral Hotel in Prince's Street. Passing out just after dinner one evening, with the thought of having a "crack" with some friends I'd picked up, I was brought to a sudden standstill in the hall by the sight of the luggage of some presumably newly-arrived guest. To be exact, it was one article of his luggage that arrested my attention and my feet. That article was the valise I pinched at King's Cross and left at Peterborough!

SPOTTED.

It was either that or one precisely like it. As I looked closer to make quite sure, a strong, quiet, firm voice behind me startled me even more than the bag had done.

"Mr. Herbert Barclay, I believe?"

The speaker must have seen me, though I hadn't seen him. As I turned to face him I struggled to regain my self-possession. Whoever he was who addressed me by the name I assumed (and I certainly hadn't used it since) when I cashed that little cheque at the Great Northern Station Hotel—my first supposition was that the manager himself had tracked me, or had had me tracked—I should certainly have to exercise all the self-possession I could command.

"Mr. Herbert Barclay?"—and this time there was no mistaking the strong suggestion of sarcasm in the speaker's intonation.

It wasn't the Peterborough Hotel manager who confronted me, but the owner of the valise, the chap I sent on a wild goose-chase after his girl while I took over his belongings. At that very moment I was wearing his light overcoat. It was "Archie."

How I was going to brazen things out I couldn't see, but I had no alternative save to try. In the shock of this sudden danger of immediate arrest I could think of nothing but how to shake him off.

I looked him as straight in the face as I could. I didn't like the sneeriness of the nasty smile that was moving the corners of his lips.

HAUGHTY DENIAL.

"No, sir; you are mistaken"—and I would have passed on had he not barred the way.

"I don't for a moment suppose that Barclay is anything like your real name, but I'm not mistaken, all the same. I recognise you almost as positively as I recognise that coat of mine that fits you so well. And I perceive that the recognition is mutual."

"You perceive nothing of the sort. I never set eyes on you before in my life. I don't know what you are talking about—any more than you do. Go and get yourself some soda-water."

"It won't do, 'Barclay.' If you insist on a scene you can have one, but you'd far better chuck up the sponge. Will you go with a policeman or come with me?"

"Come where?" I asked.

"My room—your room—any room. No doubt you know the house; lead the way somewhere where we shall not be disturbed."

He followed close at my heels, I walked up to the first floor and looked into the writing-room. It was empty, and I entered, he after me.

RECOUNTING THE CASE.

"Now, sir," I bluffed, "I've gratified your desire for an interview just to ask you quietly what the devil you mean by all this?"

But: "I'll do the talking," he said. "Sit down"—and down he sat himself.

He summed up the case very neatly. With the briefest of references to the King's Cross incident he passed on to explain that the loss—he begged my pardon, he meant the theft—of his bag had led to the postponement, till now, of his trip to Scotland, although the bag itself, rifled of its contents, had been restored to him the day after it had been stolen. The hotel man at Peterborough had acted very promptly. He'd seen him, and heard all he had to say. It was so very easy to piece the whole thing together, wasn't it?

He understood that a portmanteau had been taken out of the same train as his valise had been taken from, and that the railway police were acting on the theory that one man had taken them both. The intelligent manager of the Station Hotel at Peterborough had remarked that he thought he would be able to identify the large portmanteau I had arrived with and left with. Perhaps I had it upstairs?

TERMS.

He wasn't clear as to whether the police who had in hand the matter of the two bags were acting in concert with the detectives who had in hand the matter of that small cheque of mine—if it could be called mine. How very fortunate I had been in preserving my freedom so long—more than a fortnight. But, of course, now that he had himself accidentally run me to earth. . . . How very plain the situation was, wasn't it? As plain in its details as in the transparent, outstanding fact that my one and only chance of any possible escape was in the instant acceptance of his terms.

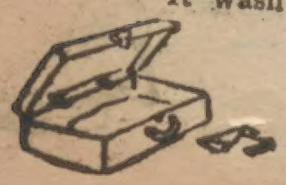
"Terms?" I tumbled at once to what was coming. I might be top dog after the next round. But at present let him keep his advantage. I must feint and parry before I struck home.

"What are they?" I asked sullenly, and as though I admitted that I was far too closely cornered for any beating about the bush, and that, as for trying on any more bluff, he'd knocked the stuffing out of me minutes ago.

As he answered, his manner changed. The half-bantering style in which he had been speaking he now dropped altogether. He became wholly serious—before long more intensely so than, probably, he meant to appear to be, betraying a consuming anxiety that I was alert to appreciate.

He said more than he need have said, much more than I

(*Continued on page 672.*)



AN IDEAL PASTIME FOR PIGEON-LOVERS.

The pastime of tippler-flying has made great strides during the last few years, especially in the South, while still maintaining its popularity in its original home round Macclesfield and Congleton, and at Sheffield, Leicester, Nottingham, Lincoln, and other places to which it spread in the early days.

Many men, even town-dwellers, like to keep pigeons and to watch them flying about above their homes; but so far only two breeds of these interesting and intelligent birds have been trained to show any form of sport—namely, the Homer or long-flying bird, and the tippler or high-flying bird; though in point of time one breed can now fly as long as the other—from dawn to dusk—longer than which no pigeon can be expected to fly if he is to reach his home.

VERY LITTLE COST.

Tippler-flying deserves to be better known, since it enables the man with a fancy for pigeons to keep a few birds that will do something amusing for their livelihood, provide him with a most interesting hobby, and one that is cheaper than, perhaps, any other form of sport. The birds are not expensive to buy nor to feed, they do not require costly lofts, nor is there any expense in training them, like there is with racing pigeons, which have to be sent long distances by train for several weeks before they are fit to enter in the various club and combine races.

Macclesfield was the first place in which the tippler — a manufactured bird—was originally bred, and the old Macclesfield tippler was a light coloured or white bird called a chuck, with black beak, throat, tail, and wing-tips.

Nowadays the colours of the breed are classified as dark mottles, light mottles, selfs, and chucks. The dark mottles are of a chocolate ground with light markings, the light mottles of a white ground with chocolate or lilac markings. Selfs are birds of the same colour throughout, without any markings. The dark birds are best suited to fanciers living in smoky towns and manufacturing districts; but the lighter-hued birds are better adapted to country places.

MAKING A START.

It is possible to buy old birds and "wunt" them to their new lofts; or to do the same with young birds that have never been flown from their original breeding-place; but the most satisfactory way of forming a loft is to buy two or three pairs of old birds and train their progeny to fly.

Tipplers are flown in what are called "kits" of three, five, or seven birds. They keep together better if they are flown in odd numbers. In competitions it is best to fly the lesser number, as this diminishes the chances of one bird failing to drop, or dropping too soon, which would disqualify the flyer.

The method of training is a combination of feeding and flying, and the man who, having the best-bred birds, feeds and flies most judiciously is the future record-breaker of his district. As on the longest day there are, in England, only eighteen hours thirty-five minutes of daylight—namely, from 2.45 a.m. to 9.20 p.m., it is obvious that this sets the limit of time during which tipplers can be expected to continue flying without ever coming down from the sky. So far, the record reached is eighteen hour twelve minutes.

WHITE FANTAIL AS DROPPER.

The birds are trained to drop at dark and not before, and taught not to do so until a dropper is put out as a signal for them to come down. This dropper is usually a white fantail, of which a pair are kept for the purpose in most lofts, and a whistle is used to attract further the attention of the kit.

Therefore, in turning out young birds for a fly, the method is to do so at a time of day which will allow them the pre-arranged number of hours before dark. If a fancier wishes to give his birds a four hours' fly, for instance, and he finds that sunset is at 5.9, he must turn them out at ten minutes past two in the afternoon, since it will be dark at 6.10 p.m. In record-breaking, he must turn out as soon as it is light, which means getting up two hours before dawn to feed and water them in preparation for their task.

Almost every fancier has his own system of feeding, but in all barley is the staple food employed, as being that which gives the birds the strength to keep upon the wing so many hours at a stretch. Once the birds "rise" they mount rapidly into the air, when they are said to be "away," and, according to the weather conditions, go up to a great altitude, where it almost needs field-glasses to distinguish them.

They should never be out of sight of the owner's loft, and he can, therefore—at some risk of cricking his neck—enjoy watching their performance from his own back-garden, whereas the homing man sees nothing of the race in which his birds are competing, and often has to wait until next day to know what they have done.

COMBATING CHIMNEYS.

Almost any place in the country is suitable for flying tipplers, but in towns the neighbourhood of tall houses, factory chimneys, and the like is a disadvantage, since the birds have a tendency to alight upon these high places in preference to their own lofts. In such circumstances, the fancier should erect a sort of tower adjacent to his loft, a flat white board upon four upright posts, which will attract the notice of the kit, and upon which they will alight instead of upon the nearest stack of chimneys.

Lofts for tipplers should be divided into three parts, one for flying from, one for breeding in, and an extra house for separating the sexes when they are not breeding. In the breeding-house a range of double cages fitted with earthenware nest-pans is provided, while the other compartments are fitted with "saddles" or "V"-shaped perches.

FLYING WHILE YOU WORK.

It will be seen from this brief sketch of the pastime that it is one eminently suited to the man whose business keeps him at home, and one that does not interfere with, and is not interrupted by, his daily work. He can always turn out his birds before or after breakfast or dinner, and even if he has to be away from home can be back in time to put out his dropper at dusk. Then on a Saturday or Sunday or Bank Holiday, he has the whole day free for his attempts at breaking the record.

ROBERT WATERMAN.

BOXING GOSSIP.

NOTES ABOUT THE FISTIC ART AND ITS EXPONENTS.

Another misfortune was added to the already overflowing cup of Digger Stanley, England's bantam-weight champion, when Boyo Driscoll, whom he was to have met at the N.S.C., suddenly fell ill, and had to give up the contest, under his doctor's orders.

Even more harrowing was the following eventuality. As some measure of consolation, Mr. "Peggy" Bettinson endeavoured to fix up a match at headquarters between Digger and Ledoux, the French bantam-weight title-holder. If Stanley had won this, he would have been able to boast the championship of Europe at the weight; but it was not to be. Lo and behold! Ledoux promptly distinguished himself by sustaining serious injuries in a motor accident, so that although he was ready—nay, anxious—to meet the English bantam champion, the unfortunate Frenchman had to refuse the fixture.

Mr. Bettinson has, however, fixed up a contest between Stanley and Jean Poesy, who holds the title of feather-weight champion of France. Now, the question is this. We all know what a "bundle of tricks" Digger is, but will he be able to give the additional poundage away?

It comes as a certain measure of relief, when we find so many notable English boxers being outpointed or knocked out by French pugilists, to hear that Jim Driscoll, the famous Welsh feather-weight champion of the world, is sanguine of bringing forward a batch of good lads who will restore British boxing to its pristine position of pre-eminence.

One Joe Johns is a youngster of whom Jim thinks wonders, and in Eddie Morgan's future promise he reposes no less confidence. Another pupil of Driscoll's is Bat McCarthy, the fly-weight champion of Wales. Each of these lads boxes, as Jim Driscoll does himself, on the real English lines of straight lefts and out-fighting; in other words, on the classical Jem Mace lines. It was simply when these lines began to be departed from that England began to stand in danger of boxers from abroad.

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

HOW THEY SPOIL SPORT

Were almost any master of fox-hounds to be asked his real opinion upon the presence of ladies in the hunting-field there can be little doubt that he would say that their absence pleased him better.

At the meet they are often in the way, and at the covert-side their chattering voices, shrilly raised, prevent his hearing what hounds are doing in covert.

When the chase has commenced they are often the culprits that over-ride hounds, and if "grief" overtakes them—whether serious or not—they expect any and every man to lose all chance of participating in the run of the season to catch their horses or help them to remount.

Many hunting women, too, are jealous and selfish to a degree positively dangerous to other riders of both sexes. They think nothing of crossing a fellow-rider, bumping him at a gap, jostling him in a gateway (where they expect him to hold the gate open for them to pass), or jumping over him when he has taken a toss. The perils of the modern hunting-field are undoubtedly much increased by the presence of ladies.

CARELESS OF DAMAGE.

Also they have added enormously to the calls upon the Damage Fund. They see no fun in waiting for a turn at gateway or gap; but, in their impatience, will not hesitate to break down a length of brand-new light fencing, even when hounds are not running.

The women that can distinguish seeds from grass, or can tell a field that is sown with wheat from one merely prepared for sowing, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Turnips, which they regard as mere cattle food, they never hesitate to gallop over; regardless of the fact that at every stride of their horse a turnip dies. Riding round two sides of a field on the "headlands" has never appealed to them as against diagonal progression across any kind of crop to "cut the corner."

AFRAID TO REPROVE THEM.

Farmers regard the presence of ladies in the hunting-field as among the chief of their grievances; but, as with hunting men in general, their gallantry serves to keep them silent, and the master or field-master who, with or without fair words, ventures to correct their misbehaviour, receives such black looks, and, over subsequent tea-tables, so many bad words, that he is chary of remonstrance.

Out with the harriers, where sport is of a quieter order, and the fields are smaller, they are more tolerable, and in grass countries, like the Vale of Aylesbury, those who can ride are welcomed in a gallop after the uncarted stag. But even there, in the muddy lanes and ill-made roads of Buckinghamshire, their common inconsiderateness in galloping along the grass by the wayside when there is no necessity for moving beyond a walk, and blinding their neighbours with flying divots of turf and blobs of mud, is responsible for many a smothered swear-word.

ALL RIGHT ON FOOT.

When hunting on foot, women are, however, much more acceptable to the male sportsman. The beagling girl is usually a thorough sportswoman, and will often run up to hounds with the best man out.

I have known some whose consciences would not be satisfied did they not enter every field through which hounds had run. I once saw a lady trot all round the field in which hounds were breaking up their hare, in order to accomplish this self-imposed condition, and arrive, breathless, as the pack was moving off to draw again.

Out otter-hunting, too, women are invariably welcomed. Often—too often—is a blank day experienced at this sport, and then the companionship of some lively lady whose piquant comments on hounds, men, and the proper way to catch otters, often atones for the day's disappointment during a fifteen-mile march along the river banks, when hounds are silent, and the master passing glum. E. B. R.

MY NOTEBOOK.

BRAVO! KINGSTON. The Territorial force at Kingston-on-Thames, being short of recruits, the young ladies of that town very gallantly set about putting matters right, and, at the time of going to press, it has just been announced that they have brought in no fewer than one hundred recruits.

The latest development is that Croydon is to follow suit, the Territorial authorities in the latter case offering to present a silver replica of the regimental badge to any lady who induces a recruit to join.

Good luck to the young ladies of Kingston, and may their enthusiasm be an example to their sisters throughout the country!

WHY MEN JOIN. I wonder how many of us would have to confess, if we were perfectly frank as to our reasons for joining the Territorial Force, that part of our incentive might be traced to the inevitable woman.

Duty to one's country, the benefit to one's character, the vent that one finds for healthy energy—all these things go to explain why a man becomes a trooper, a private, or an officer, but another reason is that he knows his girl will like him better when he is in a swanky uniform than she ever did before. I mean, of course, that she will see at last what a fine chap he really is.

She, on the other hand, talks about patriotism, but at the back of her mind, it may be, there is a kind of logical reasoning that the occasional dressings-down to which her young man will be subjected by the regimental sergeant-major or by the adjutant will make him more amenable to domestic discipline, when hers will be the gentle fingers that hold Love's reins.

Be our motives what they may, and be the motives of our sweethearts what they know them to be, the end served is a good one, and we have reason to be obliged to the initiative of the pretty young ladies of Kingston. Pretty, I am sure they must be.

THE GRIP OF IRON FIEND. An Aintree reader sends me the following useful tip: "Although of fair stature," he writes, "I unfortunately possess small hands; consequently I at times suffer from the attacks of the Grip of Iron Fiend. I found the following an excellent defence. Immediately the G. of I. F. gets his grip on, turn his hand over, raise your right knee, and at the same time bring his hand down smartly to meet it. The harder he grips, the bigger the bruise he gets."

THE PRINCE. "Chinstrap," on another page, protests against the Prince of Wales being attached to a cavalry regiment, and urges that, for many reasons, it would be better for him to serve with the "foot-sloggers."

I print his article with a comfortable feeling of impartiality, for my own sympathies are naturally towards the mounted units, but, whether "Chinstrap" is right or not, there can be no question as to the excellent education which is being given to our future Sovereign.

A taste of naval life, a short sojourn at the two great universities, a period in the Army, and an extensive tour abroad—what could be better preparation for a man whose eventual task will demand wide knowledge and wider sympathies?

The old idea that a man should spend several years at a university in order to take a degree is now being exploded so far as the sons of the wealthy are concerned.

The man who takes a degree in order to enter some definite profession comes, of course, under a different category. A degree is to him a definite asset, but so far as the wider advantages of a university training go, they can, I think, most of them, be absorbed in a much shorter time than that required for taking a degree.

For my own part, I often regret the valuable time wasted in learning three dead languages—which, I am happy to say, I have now completely forgotten.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE MAN IN THE DARK.

A WEIRD SHORT STORY.

By Henry Futterworth.

Putting aside mere theory, and the very deuce of a lot of guessing, I should always say that in such experiments as were conducted by Professor Artin on behalf of the Kahner Brothers, financiers, of Okoro House, City, you would never get beyond some characteristic action.

On the morning of February 10, 19—, Professor Artin was to me, Thomas Graveney, nothing more than a celebrity read about in papers. I had a "Who's Who" on my office table, and I should have to have turned him up in that.

I was a consulting electrical engineer, but rarely consulted. I had a lot of plans ostentatiously spread out on the desks.

I had, in addition, an optimistic view of life and a fat cheque-book, which was conspicuously displayed. Beyond that I had nothing at all. Even the cheque-book, seeing that I was overdrawn at my bank, was an empty mockery.

I remember that I had started to read a striking memoir, in the "Telegraph" of that day's date, of old John Senninghouse, the Government's right-hand man in Abyssinia, who, after eighty-seven years of a supremely well-spent life, slept with his fathers.

The kindly old man—no one had a greater sense of humour than he—had elected to sleep with them, however, in the same famous, if shucky, frock-coat and crease-less grey trousers which had for years been the joy of caricaturists and something for the House to smile at when he rose to address it on North-East African questions. He started always with an "Ah-ha-ha. Ha-hem" that invariably had the effect of making everyone roar. And every time he had slammed home some point he started again on another head with the "Ah-ha-ha. Ha-hem."

It was not a conceit, but a slight malformation of the throat that was responsible.

Of course, we had that in the memoir, but the main point touched on was the huge concessions in Abyssinia which had been verbally granted to John Senninghouse by the King, and which were to open a field for British capital hitherto unrivalled in the commercial history of the land. The vast and productive district these concessions affected, however, was not to be handed over for five years, and in the meantime no one knew its whereabouts but the King of Abyssinia, and such of those who would execute his will in the case of his demise.

Representatives of the Government were to attend on a certain date and receive the territorial rights. In the meantime, old John Senninghouse had left no information further than that, and each big combination of the City would have given half the wealth of the Rothschilds to have known the situation of these concessions. The man who could have guessed it accurately had a huge fortune waiting him, as he could have started preparing to sink the necessary shafts at once and been first in the field.

With but a few shillings in my pocket and none in prospect, I mused thus on millions, and thought of old John Senninghouse's little fancy to take his rest in the frock-coat and trousers in which he had so well earned it. In a rather depressed frame of mind I totted up my assets, I remember, and decided that if the roof fell in—which catastrophe I should not have cared about a great deal at the moment—it might run to an orange-box for me, and as most of my belongings were in the charge of a disinterested relative, I saw that, under the morbid circumstances mentioned I should be forced to take my rest à la old John Senninghouse—but, alas! in the tweed suit in which I had been so signally unsuccessful.

And then, just as in all the books, a knock fell on the door. I said "Come in," and a second later I was enjoying the honour of converse with Professor Artin, who had, among other things, the right to wear the highest mark of distinction his country boasts—the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

He was kind enough to say that he had heard of my exceptional distinctions which lifted me above the common run of engineers (and, he might have added, so high that I could pick up nothing). Speaking in excellent English, he told me that, to beat about the bush no longer, he had a commission of the highest importance for me.

I was all attention.

"Before I go any further, Mr. Graveney," he said, "I must tell you that our interview may as well close now if you are not prepared to do the practical work yourself and also to work entirely in the dark. When I tell you that the plant and the object of the plant is at once the property and the secret of Kahner Brothers, of Okoro House, you will understand that certain interests are affected, and that I have good reason for putting this unalterable condition before you. I will provide you with an accurate drawing of the plant, so that you can get it into your head like a map. Then you must feel your way in your work. As it is a matter of increasing the voltage, it is a fairly simple job, except for doing it in the dark. And that is why we must have a man who knows his business inside out and will not bungle."

Somehow I was too afraid to gasp, and I was a hundred times too sensible to think about such rot as ghosts.

I protested that my integrity as a professional man might be relied on, but the Professor was adamant. He named a figure for the job which staggered me.

I knew I could do it, and, after all, if Kahner Brothers wished to keep secret their precious object—I presumed it was something to do with silver ore, over which a deal of experiments had been conducted to no purpose at that time—well, they were welcome to do so.

I made some pretence of hanging back over the affront to my professional dignity.

"To show you," said the Professor, "that I trust you implicitly, I may say that the experiment in hand is not unconnected with the Senninghouse concessions. Kahner Brothers, in short, Mr. Graveney, are on the track of the whereabouts of the district and what will be required to exploit it. Seeing that this early information, if obtained, involves millions, you can understand that they are averse to trusting an inkling of what may be on hand to anyone who is human. I do not doubt, however, that your services would be handsomely recognised, and it is possible the very considerable sum I offer you, may, in addition, have a chance of a seven or eight hundred per cent. investment."

The next day I was admitted to Okoro House, conducted along the corridor by the Professor, and a door was thrown open upon an utter and vast blackness.

The previous day I had spent all my time studying the map, and I had the thing firmly impressed on my mind.

I found the big and powerful plant at the far end of the room, and immediately set to work as lightheartedly as I could. Even the faint light that the open door at the far end of the huge apartment could have given me was denied.

When I walked in I had to pass through a double barrier of heavy black curtains.

I was conscious as I worked that I was in a lofty room in which a man was little more than a speck. Okoro House had but few rivals for size in the City, but one could hardly have realised how big it was even from the majestic façade. My feet made no sound as I passed to and fro by the first of the great electric drums. Anyone who has visited an electric power or tramway station will realise what I mean, or the lay mind may conceive it by imagining the body of a railway engine without the funnel or the cab. There were eight of these drums in a line, and that plain, if not technical, description should give some idea of the vastness of the plant. From the fact that I walked about so very noiselessly I gathered that the floor was entirely covered with thick rubber—rubber used as lavishly as common linoleum!

An electrician did not need to think twice to gather that there were contact plates under the rubber or that the floor was one huge contact plate—for what purpose I did not bother my head as I was paid not to do it, and have always had the gift of detaching myself from anything that does not affect the work I have in hand.

The first day I put down the odd feeling of fear within me to the darkness and the silence, and for several succeeding days I tried to beat it back by whistling as I worked, by laughing at my own childish timidity. This youthful fear of a dark room, I argued with myself, should find no place in the breast of any man, much less Tom Graveney, whose reputation was distinctly on the don't-care-a-hang-for-anybody-or-anything side.

Strangely enough, however, it was as my eyes got more used to the dark that the vague terror increased, and towards the end of my job I began to feel that after all I was only being paid a stupendous sum for the loss of my nerve for a considerable period.

The last morning I had a great wrestle to tone myself up to completing my contract at all, and as soon as I got there I became sure of a thing that I had tried to laugh away for several days.

As I worked, there were people sitting along each side of the hall looking at me!

I could feel their eyes, some turned directly upon me, and others looking out into the hall. As I passed across the rubber-covered way, I felt that I walked out of the view of some and came under the gaze of others.

There was nothing wrong, you will say, in lookers-on, if seeing nothing gave them any satisfaction, but the part of the business that so affected me was that the eyes did not follow me.

I felt sure these people were sitting motionless. That was the circumstance that terrorised me; otherwise I should have been glad enough of their company.

They were as silent as the great muffled hall that gave no echo. In a clammy, feverish heat, I walked on. I had but another hour to do when utter fright took possession of me. I believe I would have given my soul for a light, but I had been bound in honour to leave all matches outside the door, and the current had been turned off the engines, of course, by the main switch outside in the corridor.

There was, however, a small battery that I had discovered by accident, and by means of a trick with a piece of magnesium wire, known to every pupil who ever lounged about a power station and pretended to work, I got a spark, and then, thanking heaven with all earnestness, a light!

I was before the fifth drum, when, with a big spanner to combat anything that might appear, I held it up above my head to look out into the hall.

Away beyond the eighth drum and sitting in the chair was none other than old John Senninghouse!

Somehow, I was too afraid to gasp, and I was a hundred times too sensible to think about such rot as ghosts.

I remember that on that head it occurred to me that old Senninghouse would have little cause to haunt the Kahner Brothers, seeing that it was well-known he had never speculated a penny in his life except in the interests of his country.

But he was there right enough, all the same, and in his famous ill-fitting frock-coat and the unfashionable trousers, his good-natured face wearing the customary smile that gave him a friend in every member of the Commons.

I had little chance of noting any further detail, for the next instant the hall was flooded with light, and after my eyes had got used to the great glare, I was conscious of the Professor addressing me from a balcony high up.

"You see now, Mr. Graveney," he said, "why we considered it so necessary for you to work in the dark. You will notice sitting around the hall the subjects of our experiments, from whom we have had encouraging results.

I looked around, and there were those whose eyes had not followed me, and there were many of them.

"Perfectly legal, good sir," said the Professor, "and purchased in the usual way, with a discount for cash, from the hospitals. Doubtless you have the nerve. If it had been them alone you could have worked in the light."

He stopped.

"We got gestures from them on turning on the current," he said.

I looked at the chairs and the wires that connected them.

"From Mr. John Senninghouse we want more," he said. "We want an answer to three questions we intend putting him regarding the whereabouts of the districts of his concessions. If his brain can be revived by the extra voltage you have put on for us, and have completed to all practical purposes, we shall get an answer. We hope only for monosyllabic replies, 'Yes' or 'No.' We hope for one 'Yes.'"

I heard him, dazed.

"Of course," he went on, "You have broken your word with us. Those around you would not matter. All London may know about *them*. But this—this borrowing of Senninghouse"—he said, and he shrugged his shoulders.

He said one thing before I felt the rubber of the floor moving.

"Thomas Graveney, a brilliant young man with bad luck," he said, "has absconded from his office. It is believed that he has flown from his creditors, of whom he has many. You see," he added, "I was careful in choosing my man."

And then I had to recover my balance, for the floor was moving faster. The chairs did not move, for they were held up on supporting rails, and the rubber passed beneath them. I heard the sound of booted feet falling a couple of inches "pluk!" on to a metallic floor.

The rubber carpet left but a glistening space where the blue fires were chasing up a foot high.

Beyond the flame, as we neared the first black curtain, I saw John Senninghouse rise, and, in his Parliamentary manner, he gesticulated with his right hand.

Foresight made me stand so that I was carried through the break in the curtains. It dawned upon me only too plainly that when the rubber was dragged entirely out of the room on the rollers that must have been outside, I should be left on that floor that gave the semblance of life to the dead and death to the living.

But it stopped a bare foot from the outer wall, and in five minutes I had broken through the locked door, battering the lock with all the might of a far from weakly arm and a particularly business-like spanner.

I wondered why I encountered no opposition from outside, but there was a certain scene by the contact-board which makes me refute those people who say that electricity kills artistically. The hour's work I had not done was responsible for the fusing that caused the trouble, and also for retribution falling on the Kahner Brothers, and the man who had to his name the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

But, as I have written, putting aside mere theory and the very deuce of a lot of guessing, I should always hold that in such experiments as were conducted by Professor Artin on behalf of the Kahner Brothers, financiers, of Okoro House, City, you would never get anything beyond some characteristic action.

METHYLATED SPIRIT AND SUNDAY.

On a recent Sunday evening the writer wanted some methylated spirit, and, finding a chemist's open, marched in and asked for some.

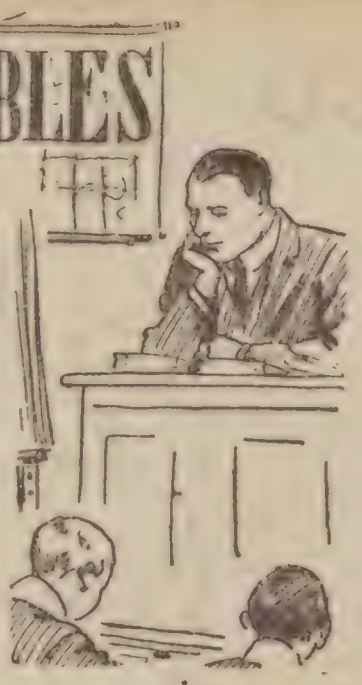
To my surprise, the chemist civilly declined to serve me, and on my asking why, he explained that the law forbids even a chemist to sell methylated spirit between 10 p.m. Saturday and 8 a.m. Monday.

It appears that the prohibition has something to do with the fact that there are persons who drink methylated spirit, but in this case it was required for a genuine medical purpose—namely, for the lamp of a "vaporiser," used to relieve the breathing of a child with a bad cold, and had I not been able to borrow, the result might have been serious.

The law in this respect requires amendment.

The Teacher's Troubles

COGENT FACTS ABOUT HIS UNEMPLOYMENT AND DISTRESS.



It is a quite inexplicable fact that the most obviously overcrowded professions attract the greatest number of aspirants. The stage, whose precariousness is notorious, the Bar, the profession of a clerk—all these are callings which suffer from a plethora of recruits.

But, whereas, in the latter cases, the real reason is that the market is flooded with incompetents to the detriment of the skilled worker, there is one profession, equally, if not more, overcrowded, wherein such a thing as an incompetent is hardly known. The calling in question is undoubtedly one of the hardest-treated professions which can be adopted—so much so, in fact, that it is not to be recommended at all to the man who looks to his work to support him in life.

I am talking of the teacher's profession.

The first point to bear in mind is that whereas many a man begins life without any previous training, and earns as much as 30s. a week (£78 per annum) or more, the teacher has no chance of practising before he has devoted many years of hard work and a sum of money which he can ill-afford to qualify for the work.

PINCHING FOR THE TRAINING COLLEGE.

Let us consider the steps by which the average County School teacher attains his position—or attempts to do so. He leaves the elementary school at about the age of thirteen, and proceeds to a "secondary school," where he receives free instruction but no salary. At about seventeen or eighteen, he goes back to his elementary school, this time as a "student teacher," and he loyally continues to serve the State gratuitously in this way for about a year.

Then comes the greatest pinch of all.

He has now to attend a training college, but in this instance, instead of receiving free instruction, he—or his parents—have to pay for it at the rate of about £40 per annum.

TRAINED BUT NOT WANTED.

He stays here for about three years; so we see that the course runs him into an expenditure of £120. When we consider that the bulk of teachers proper are taken from the poorer classes of society—the sons and daughters of working-men, struggling clerks, shop assistants, and others whose earning capacity is only the smallest—it is easy to see that this outlay of £120 is an almost indescribable hardship, not only to the parents, but to the student as well.

But this is not all. The last straw is experienced at the end of the course of training, when, to put it bluntly, the embryo teacher comes out to find there is no work for him to do!

The reason of this is that municipal authorities spend too much money on lures to attract the intending student, with the result that hundreds qualify, but can be provided with no work.

THE N.U.T.

The National Union of Teachers, whose secretary, Sir J. H. Yoxall, very kindly gave me most of the information contained in this article, is working strenuously towards the betterment of the teacher's condition.

Putting aside the consideration of the prevalence of unemployment for a moment, let us consider the salaries earned by elementary school teachers. These vary, of course, with the district, but the following figures will give a fair average idea.

In London the commencing salary for men is about £100, rising by small annual increments to about £150; and for women £90, rising to about £129. Here are some specific provincial figures:

County of Bucks.

	Initial Salary.	Annual Increment.	Maximum.
	£	£	£
Men	85	4	130
Women ...	70	3	110

Rochdale.

	Initial Salary.	Annual Increment.	Maximum.
	£	£	£
Men	80	5	140
Women ...	70	5	110

Lowestoft.

Men	85	5	130
Women ...	75	4	110

Exeter.

Men	90	5	130
Women ...	70	5	100

Thus it will be seen that after devoting close on ten years to study and disbursing as much as, and often more than, £120 during the last three of them, the teacher is no better off than a clerk in small employment, nor are his prospects any brighter. But now let us go back to the question of unemployment.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN LONDON.

In London there are about 1,500 teachers, and of these only about 500 are in regular employment.

The unemployment of metropolitan teachers is due to a system which the National Union of Teachers is putting forth strenuous efforts to abolish. This is the "College List," or the List of First Appointments.

By this system, a list is prepared by the L.C.C. of the most promising students throughout the country, and of these about 300 are placed on regular salaries of £100 a year for men, and £90 for women, as a sort of retainer for their services, should a vacancy occur. The injustice of this is, that when a temporary vacancy occurs, through the illness of a teacher, some struggling teacher, *not* on the college list, will be given a "supply" post, in other words, a temporary appointment. But should that same post become permanently vacant, the post will not go to its temporary holder. It will be given to another applicant, who will be chosen from the "List of First Appointments."

PALTRY PENSIONS.

The gist of the teacher's grievance in a nutshell is that the education authorities spend too much money on scholarships and too little on the maintenance of the fully-fledged teacher.

We have dealt briefly with salaries; but when we consider that the State pension granted to teachers is only £20 a year, at the age of sixty-five (i.e., after about forty years of hard service for the State), we see that this is one department where reform is urgently needed for the betterment of one of the most sweated callings.

Hitherto we have dealt with generalities. Now we give (of course, without names) definite instances of the hardships endured by fully qualified teachers. There are in London alone, upwards of eight hundred unemployed ex-training college students. One man, who is—or was till quite recently—a member of the Territorials, was just saved from literal starvation by his camp allowance.

WHAT UNEMPLOYED TEACHERS DO.

Male students are in the fortunate position—more or less—of being able to obtain secretarial posts of some sort, but it is a recognised fact that the training for a teacher unfits a girl—temperamentally, at any rate— for other kinds of routine; and if they do scratch up a little shorthand and typewriting, they are only swelling the ranks of a profession that is quite as overcrowded as the one they have abandoned.

Here are some kinds of work that are being done by unemployed teachers, whose names are known to the National Teachers' Association:

House painter, photographer's odd man, printer's reader (in this instance, a lady teacher), grocer's assistant, a hotel waitress, and an assistant governess, who works (*and lives out*) for the truly noble salary of £15 a year.

Down at the London docks, a young man works every day checking the loads of maize that are brought in by ocean steamers. He is a fully qualified teacher.

Every year when the hopping season is on, men will be seen working apart from others, silent and earning the opprobrium of their fellow-hoppers for being "stuck-up." They do not mean to be. They are only college-trained—they once expected to enter a well-paid profession—and the disillusionment has left them rather bitter.

D. F.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

TWO WALKING EXERCISES.

GOOD FOR THE CARRIAGE.

Here are a couple of useful walking exercises that may be new to you.

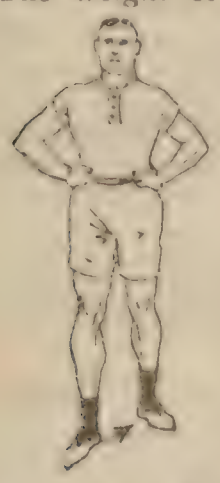
The first is the "Walk Outward Standing."

Starting from the usual position, carry one foot two foot lengths away from the body, and in a direction half-way between forward and sideways.

Bring the rear foot up to the advanced foot, and carry the former away from the body, as in the first step, and so advance.

The heel of the foot to be moved should be slightly raised by bending the knee, and is then placed firmly on the ground, with the knee kept well pressed back, and the ankle joint stretched, with the result that the toes come to the ground first.

The weight of the body must be equally distributed between the feet, so that your centre of gravity is half-way between the heels.



Doing the "Walk-Back Outwards."

When bringing the feet together, both legs must be kept straight.

Common errors in performing this exercise are:

(*a*) Bending the backward leg when placing the outgoing foot.

(*b*) Turning the trunk towards the outgoing foot. The trunk and head must be kept straight to the front.

(*c*) Allowing heel of outgoing foot to touch ground before toes.

(*d*) Keeping the weight of the body on the unmoved leg.

(*e*) Failing to place foot exactly half-way between forward and sideways.

(*f*) Not keeping the knees well pressed back.

The reverse of this exercise is the "Walk-Back Outwards," in which the foot is carried to the rear instead of forward.

The usual faults are turning the body in the direction of the rear leg, and not placing the rear-going foot correctly. It is usually placed too much in a direct line backwards, not as it should be, exactly half-way between backwards and sideways.

You will also find a temptation to let the heel of the moving foot touch the ground before the toes. This must be avoided.

GETTING READY.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR ATHLETICS.

The athletics season is coming along, and it will soon be time for getting into training for running, jumping, etc.

In the bad old days of training it was customary to start by giving a man a tremendous purge, with the result that he was more or less upset for several days, and sometimes caught a severe internal chill.

A man who is reasonably fit does not require any purging before going into hard training. If a man is in an unhealthy state he may take a mild aperient, but the best laxative is fruit and walking.

If you are suffering from want of exercise or errors in living, you are not going to put yourself right by using strong drugs. Rather will you retard the process of getting into trim again.

If you are an habitual smoker, don't suddenly stop it, or you will certainly upset your nervous system.

A "sweating" walk or two may do you no harm, but really it is much better to get rid of superfluous tissue by natural exercise.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS

R. M. T. (Lincoln).—Earnestly advise you to see a medical man. The swollen finger-joint may be nothing serious, but the facts that it is painless and that there is no history of sprain or other injury point to tubercular disease. At the same time, do not be needlessly alarmed. Even if it be what I suspect, it is not necessarily a very grave matter.

G. F. (Glasgow).—The food value of fruit is small—that is, from the point of view of scientific analysis. On the other hand, the real value of food does not depend so much on its constituents as on the extent to which you enjoy it.

D. S. (Ashtead).—The surest and safest way to develop your chest is to develop your lungs. Hence deep and correct breathing is the essential foundation of all chest exercises. It is easy to put muscle on the chest, but that is no good if the lungs are small and weak.

A. N. (Woking).—The old saying of an apple: "Gold in the morning, silver in the afternoon, lead at night," is a partial truth. The real truth is that fruit should be eaten as a wind-up to a heavy meat meal, which is just how most people do take fruit in the evening.

S. S. (Peterborough).—You say that as soon as you leave business you take hard exercise and yet you never feel fit. Probably what you want is not hard exercise, but play.

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London (next Empire Music Hall). Boxing, Jujitsu, Wrestling and Exercises to make and keen you fit, taught privately, in classes or club, at moderate terms. Postal Lessons from 2/6. Any athletic, sporting, &c., article supplied at wholesale price. VERNON SMITH, Instruction only by the famous expert and trainer of champions Prof. VERNON SMITH. Send two stamps for illus. book and particulars. Recommended by Editor "Modern Man."

"Eh, lad, but that be wonderful proud sight Arthur Girvan made ye! Strong enough to fight the force Will get him to do the same for us. We'll be sorry we're none of us made forty!"

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The last day fast approaching of the great offer of a situation at £200 a year. The Modern Man's chance.

IN less than three weeks our readers will have lost their last chance of the greatest offer ever made to the Modern Man. The date of March 23 has been provisionally fixed as the latest date for receiving entries for the most startling opportunity the Business World has seen for many a decade.

For by the first post of that Saturday morning your entry must be received if you want to have a chance of a position commencing at £200 a year, and leading you just as far as your ability justifies.

Do not leave it too late. Do it now!

But you should not leave it till then. If the applications are very heavy, the Company reserve the right to close the list before that date, and by delaying now you may miss the opportunity that is destined, perhaps, to lead you to a place among the successes of the Business World. You will want time to consider the question; your future is too serious a matter to be trifled with, to be rushed at in a hurry or to be left to a chance recollection just as the last post is being cleared away. You will, therefore, if you are wise, send the Coupon to-day, and reserve to yourself the right to enter, if you wish to do so. Sending the Coupon costs nothing, and does not commit you to anything.

Are you earning £200 a year?

The position is guaranteed for one year certain, at £200 a year. What happens then depends upon yourself. If you are a good man, that salary may be increased to a remarkable figure, depending upon your worth. For the position is one that enables you to prove your worth. It calls for initiative, and carries responsibility. It is an ideal opening for a really competent man. But it is possible that you may not want to move; in that case, would you like £100 in cash? For the Company are offering an optional prize of that amount, and in the event of the winner preferring the cash prize, reserve the right to offer the post to any other likely applicant. They also offer eleven other prizes, ranging downwards from £25 in cash.

What you have to do.

You need not be afraid of this offer being spoilt by irksome conditions. It is a plain, straightforward attempt to solve the problem of finding the right man. All that applicants will have to do will be to answer, in the privacy of their own home, and, within reasonable limits, at their own convenience, a common-sense examination in the ordinary business knowledge that every really keen business man ought to know. And, lest any questions should be outside the scope or experience of an otherwise desirable applicant, the questions will be based on the "Business Encyclopædia," and the answers to all can be found in it.

How it Concerns You.

Moreover, you, if engaged in business, will undoubtedly find the examination interesting and informing. It will enlarge your views on commercial life. It will lead you to the consideration of problems that might never have occurred to you. It will unquestionably suggest new trains of business thought, and perhaps bring you into contact with ideas, having practical value.

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A wonderful committee of famous business men has been got together to judge the applicants and to choose the right man. They are:

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(Director *News of the World*, Ltd.; Director *Country Life*, Ltd.; Director Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.).

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(Managing Director J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.).

T. J. BARRETT, Esq.
(Chairman A. and F. Pears, Ltd.).

JOHN LAWRIE, Esq.
(Managing Director William Whiteley, Ltd.).

These names are a sufficient guarantee of the straightforwardness of the offer.

Do not risk losing your chance.

Once more we urge you not to delay sending in your application. The form below does not commit you to a promise to compete. It simply brings you full particulars of the offer, and reserves you a provisional right to enter, which you can then decide to make absolute or to let lapse. Will you take this trouble for the sake of your future?

If you are dissatisfied with your present situation, if you are not making as much as £200 a year, or are making that, but see little prospect of making more, or even if you would like £100 in cash for the sake of a little trouble, send this Coupon *now*.

PROVISIONAL ENTRY FORM.

[CONFIDENTIAL.]

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Kindly enter my name as a possible applicant for your situation, and send me full particulars of the examination and also of the "Business Encyclopædia" and how I can obtain it for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

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THE ARTFUL DODGER

AN EAST-END CHARACTER SKETCH.

By KENNETH FRANZ.

Scene, the dock district.

Heavy rain-clouds had burst and soaked the roadway, washed the murky pavements, and made everyone, be he docker, artisan, or road-sweeper, more or less dejected. The wind still swept along at a good pace, doing its best to dry the glistening pavements and to turn the road surface into a layer of mud, the consistency of which, in dock districts in general, has to be seen to be really appreciated.

But few people were about, and those who had occasion to be out lost little time in an effort to reach their destination. Yet one small boy—apparently without a care in the world, or a friend to care whether he had a care—sauntered abstractedly along beneath the stolid row of yellow lights.

As he pressed along, whistling a popular ditty, another near his own age came into view.

Though poor, the second lad was clean. His paper collar stood out in marked contrast to his thin black jacket. In his arms he carried a dark bottle.

"Say, going fer oil?" asked the first boy.

The other looked up abruptly.

"Maybe—why?" he said.

"Well, you're lucky," continued the urchin, carefully avoiding the question put to him. "My muvver ain't got no oil money, she ain't."

At this piece of sad, but voluntary, information the other's face took on an expression of sympathy. "No? You look cold—are you?"

"Not much! We don't git no blooming fires or sich-like *we* don't."

An intense look of mingled interest and compassion spread over the honest lad's countenance. "No fires—never?" incredulously.

"And very little grub either," added the ragged one.

The boy whose attire seemed to consist of all rags above, and all mud below, the knees, smiled, yes, smiled, grimly. Then his face brightened. "Say, let's carry yer bottle?"

Truly sympathetic, the other assented.

As they were rounding the corner a bluff, florid-faced old gentleman came suddenly into view. Somehow or the other (and quite unaccountably it appears) the florid gentleman and our hero of Thames mud fame got hopelessly in each other's way.

The old chap positively began to anger; he swore. The boy paled, grew excited, trembled, then the bottle shook so much that it shook itself free from his arms—*crash!*

The old chap's exasperated, "'Pon my soul" became almost lost in the boy's piteous yell. "Drat it! the lad's hurt," growled the gentleman, heatedly.

"No, 'taint that, guv'nor," blubbered the urchin.

"Not hurt?"

"No—o. I ain't 'urt ▪▪▪ but ▪▪▪ but ▪▪▪ bo—oo! ▪▪▪ it ain't my bottle!"

"Bless a stalwart policeman," jerked out the old man in a fix. "We'll soon set *that* square, my lad."

He dived a fat hand into his trousers pocket, and after a considerable scrimmage with some miscellaneous coins, drew it forth again.

"There, now! Don't cry," he said. "I was a silly old duffer not to see a little fellow like you, now wasn't I?"

And with this the old fellow snorted along on his way again.

The urchin gazed at the coin in his hand, then at the hastily retreating figure. The feel of a sixpence seemed to have a brightening effect upon him.

"Blowed, Bill, look!" he jerked out, earnestly, intently. "Blooming air-ship, this time o' night, too! See. Can't yer twig 'er tail lights blinking, no ▪▪▪?"

Meekly the unsuspecting lad, forgetting for the moment his broken bottle, turned his eyes eagerly to search the heavens for so wonderful a spectacle.

And when he again looked about him, only the silent house-fronts met his gaze. They seemed to mock him.

For he was alone—urchin and coin had vanished.

SWINDLES.—*Continued from page 664.*

need try to recall. It all came to this, that the price of his silence and inaction was the return to him of that blazing epistolary indiscretion signed "Suzette." In his at last undisguised eagerness he stipulated for nothing else—not even for his cheque-book or any of his other papers. Nothing was of any account except that letter.

"Put it in my hands and you can clear out at once—the sooner the better, for you may be traced here at any moment, and then I should be forced into giving evidence."

BLUFF.

It was my manner that changed at this.

"Ring the bell," I said, curtly.

"What for?" he asked, in surprise.

"The police. Your price isn't good enough. Rather than accept it I'll take my chance of a stretch. When I come out I can live on that letter from the Countess of Flington for the rest of my life, Mr. Archibald Efferton. Remember there are two other purchasers for it besides yourself. Its fair writer would find it very cheap at a few thousands, and behind her there's the Earl. And surely I need not remind you how very much more you have at stake than I have. First there is the honour of the lady who has so highly favoured you; and that alone involves all sorts of other considerations. Passing them over, what about another lady and your engagement to her?"

I wasn't sure of this shot—till I saw that it had scored.

TURNING THE TABLES.

"Your appearance as co-respondent would jeopardise things damnably, wouldn't it?" I continued, "either before marriage or after marriage. And against all this on your side, what do I risk? Merely a few months' retirement. Pooh! It's for me to dictate terms, not you. If you're thinking that on giving me into custody you could claim and recover your papers without their being read, you are mistaken—and besides, that letter isn't here at all."

This last assertion was an after-thought, but a good one.

"Where is it?"

"Where I last came from. I could get it by to-morrow night."

"How much?" he asked, with white lips.

"Are you rich?"

"No."

I had gathered as much from certain allusions in the letter, or shouldn't have asked the question.

QUICK DECISION.

"I'll take—your 'silence and inaction' being, of course, understood"—I said slowly, "fifty pounds."

"Fifty devils!"

I crossed the room and rang the bell myself.

"You must decide before the waiter comes. If you accept, I order drinks for two. If you refuse, I order the police for one."

We both heard the waiter's steps outside.

"Shall I make it a couple of brandies-and-sodas?"

"Yes," he said. "I'll raise the money to-morrow."

The exchange took place in the same room at about the same time next evening, and I caught the up-express for town.

I shouldn't have felt so satisfied with the bargain I had struck with "Archie"—in fact, I should have been emphatically dissatisfied—if I hadn't been looking forward to the bargain I was going to strike with "Suzette."

I was about to have the Countess of Flington on toast.

[*Another of these revelations will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

GETTING READY FOR RIFLE SHOOTING

THE MARKSMAN NEEDS PREPARATION AS WELL AS HIS WEAPON.

Rifle shooting will soon be in full swing, and, as heretofore, many men will probably make bad practice for want of preliminary training.

A man would not go into the boxing-ring or take part in a cricket match without previous practice, but a rifle-shot will often go to the range not having handled his rifle for months, and then is surprised and aggrieved when his bullets fly all over the shop.

The first cause of error is want of muscular control.

The Army rifle weighs nearly 9lb., and although at the "present" part of the weight is taken by the shoulder, there is a considerable strain on the arms, more especially the left forearm and more particularly at the standing and kneeling positions.

After firing a few rounds the marksman's unaccustomed muscles tire; the rifle is not held steady, or is allowed to bob at the moment of firing, or is pulled over to one side, and the marker gets tired of signalling ricochets and "washers."

PUTTING THE MUSCLES RIGHT.

The following muscle exercises will be found useful:

1. Standing, bring the rifle to the loading position, thence to the present, back to the loading position. Repeat half a dozen times; then rest, and begin again.

2. Standing, bring the rifle to the aiming position. Let go of it with the right hand. Then seize the rifle with the right hand, at the same time quitting it with the left. Between each movement there should be an interval of about ten seconds.

3. Bring the rifle to the aiming position, and keep it there for about two minutes. Then come to the "order" and repeat.

All these exercises should be performed with and without the bayonet fixed, and also in the kneeling and lying-down positions.

The various firing positions should be frequently practised with and without the rifle, for even the standing or lying position is apt to produce cramps at first, while the kneeling position is almost certain to do so.

HOW TO TRAIN THE EYE.

The eye, too, must be exercised. The billiard player who comes to the table after a long rest finds difficulty in judging the edge of the ball, and, similarly, the rifle-shot finds it hard at first to get the tip of the foresight directly in line with the shoulders of the notch of the back-sight.

He is apt to take in either too much or too little of the foresight, the former being the more common error, with the result that his shots keep going high.

Aiming should be practised at small bull's-eyes painted on a wall or other convenient object, and at first a rest, such as a table or tripod, may be used. If you have an assistant-corrector, so much the better.

The modern rifle-shot is frequently called upon to fire so many shots in a given time. If he is out of practice he is likely to be either too quick or too slow, in the one case missing through hurry, in the other losing shots altogether.

PRACTISING AGAINST TIME.

Get a pal to time you while in pantomime you fire, say, ten shots in sixty seconds, until you automatically get the shots off within the time, giving each one proper attention.

Similarly you should practise beforehand at rapidly drawing a bead on dummy-moving or vanishing targets, which you can probably rig up for yourself.

You may often be called upon to fire at unknown ranges, and here an unaccustomed eye will be a long way out in estimating the distance. Therefore seize every opportunity of practising judging distance on public commons, or in public parks, correcting your errors by actual measurement or pacing.

Don't forget thoroughly to overhaul your rifle before proceeding to the range.

A rifle which has not been used for some time loses its "tone," if one might apply such a musical expression to the marksman's weapon.

To some extent it is like a violin, which never gives its best results when it has been laid aside and not palyed upon for any length of time. Gradually the violin recovers its delicacy of tone with renewed playing, and similarly your rifle will tune up with practice.

To give it the best chance of doing so, get it thoroughly clean, in the way so ably described by a writer in a recent number of THE MODERN MAN.

To keep his rifle in tip-top condition should be a point of pride with every man who has earned the right to possess one.

Let him look upon his rifle not as a mere gun, but as the thing with which he would have to protect his life if ever he were called upon to serve in active warfare.

Your rifle is more than an ornament for your room; with it you can perform your morning exercises; the look of it should stimulate your imagination and patriotism; it should become one of your best pals.

Nurse it and look after it as you would a favourite horse or dog, and it will help you to whack up creditable scores.

C. M. ROADE.

A "LAMBIENT" WIT.

Mr. Mark Ambient, author of the phenomenally successful "Arcadians," has a lambent—or, perhaps, one might say, lambient—wit.

Shortly after the success of the play was established beyond doubt, Mr. Ambient was interviewed. He bore the inquisition patiently until the interviewer asked him: "Is it true, Mr. Ambient, that you sold your entire rights in the play for £100?"

"Quite true," replied Mr. Ambient, "and you might add that as soon as I discovered what a bally fool I had been I went out and cut my throat."

SIR WILLIAM BULL'S LADDER.

That sturdy champion of the income tax-payer, and the middle-classes in general, Sir William Bull, M.P., has had an interesting career. On the death of his father, one of a long race of solicitors, the family were left in rather narrow circumstances, and young Bull, who was intended for the law, had to start right low down—in fact, more or less as office-boy in a solicitor's office and at a salary of 10s. a week.

But he had grit and ambition. The day he started work he drew a ladder on a sheet of paper, each rung representing a year in his life.

The bottom rung stood for his start and 10s. a week. A little higher up he marked a rung £1 a week, and succeeding rungs showed when he was to be earning £2 a week, when he was to be admitted a solicitor, when he was to be making £500 a year, when he was to be elected M.P., and so on.

Not only did every event prophesied come off within the allotted time, but in most cases Sir William had a year or two in hand.

It will be remembered how, when he was interrupted at a political meeting, he personally ejected the heckler.

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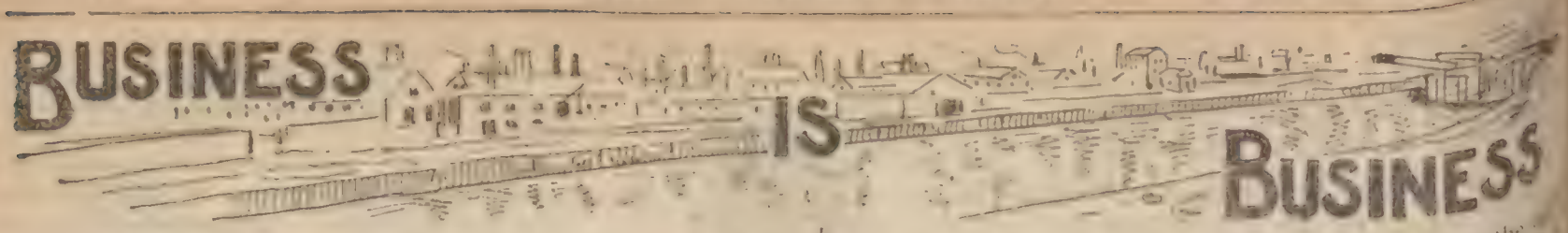

METHOD AND PRECISION.

TWO ASPECTS OF BUSINESS TIDINESS.

Precision and method are not exactly the same things, although, of course, they are very closely allied.

A methodical man is generally precise, while a precise man must be to some extent methodical, though, as I shall show presently, his methodism may be method gone mad.

Method, we may say, concerns itself chiefly with the broad principles of organisation, precision with the arrangement or carrying out of the details.

The methodical business man, for example, has a general system for dealing with his correspondence. A clerk arranges his employer's morning mail on certain regular lines, and a certain period of the day is set apart for dealing with it. That is method, but it is in the actual dealing with the letters that a man's preciseness shows itself.

In a word, the state of a man's desk is the measure of his preciseness, and here we get extremes.

At one end we have the untidy, not to say chaotic desk, all heaped and littered up. Yet the owner of such a desk is not necessarily wanting in precision.

I have known men whose desks were in apparently hopeless confusion, yet if they wished to refer to a letter or document they could put their finger on it at once.

Their desk to the onlooker was a maze, a labyrinth, but they knew every trick and turning of it. This sort of precision out of chaos, however, is exceptional. The desk of the precise man is usually tidy, but sometimes it is too tidy, and the man is a victim of over-preciseness.

He carries the idea of "a place for everything and everything in its place" to excess.

"Everything" should be qualified by the addition of "essential."

The too precise man deals in the unessential. Every document, no matter how unimportant, must be filed in its particular pigeon-hole, and pigeon-holes are a sort of hobby with him.

Give him an excuse for starting a fresh pigeon-hole and he is quite happy. It is a new toy to him, but play of this kind is not business.

When he has to find a document, there are so many pigeon-holes that it takes him quite a long time to find the right one, and he has to refer to the label on it.

The really precise man keeps only what is essential, has as few pigeon-holes as possible, and he does not need to label them, for he knows exactly what each contains.

Precision is not a matter of elaborate labelling, docketing and pigeon-holing, but of mental tidiness.

The slave of so-called order often lives in a state of mental fog, or is wrapped in a net of red tape of his own making.

E. HILL DAVIES.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

The coal strike is the only matter mentioned in City financial circles at the moment, and the best informed seem to think it will not materialise.

Consols have continued strong on rumours of negotiations with Germany. Home Rails are better at the time of writing, and I think these stocks ought to be bought, strike or no strike, especially Districts, which will not be affected if the strike lasts a month.

Canadian Pacifics are on the down grade after touching 138, and likely to go lower. Trunks are fairly firm.

There is nothing to record in the American market, prices showing little or no change during the week under review.

Amalgamated Copper is the only stock showing an improvement in price on the rumours of increased dividend, which, I think, are unlikely to be true.

Steel Common Shares are still being sold by knowing people, and when the price of rails is cut below the figure of 28 dols. per ton, the dividend on this stock have to be also cut.

Mines are still on the down grade, especially Kaffirs, and believers in this column must be congratulating themselves on the advice which I have consistently given them about this market.

In the miscellaneous market Duffs have been one of features, rising at one time to 18s. 7½d. bid.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

P. G. (Bristol).—I hear that the company is doing well, and I should advise you to hold.

J. M. (Swansea).—You are not entitled to any rebate. As you were not prepared to pay for your railway stock on the account day, your broker had to arrange for someone else to do so, and the contango is merely the interest on the money so employed. As this is not returnable until the next settling day, you have to pay the full fortnight's interest although you sold on the next day after the fortnight was over.

O. K. B. (Curragh Camp).—I have not seen the advertisement of the firm you mention, but it is generally much safer to have nothing to do with so-called trusts, especially when their offices are out of the country.

T. D. (Ilfracombe).—(a) The company is quite sound and I think likely to suit your purpose. (b) Not of the first class by a long way. (c) No.

"Lively" (Esher).—I am afraid the only way out is to pay up and look pleasant. It is not much use inquiring as to bona fides after you have signed a binding contract.

"Guss" (Wellington).—There is no market in the shares. If your broker were to challenge them on the Stock Exchange he might possibly get a bid.

"Nworb" (Pontypridd).—Much better left alone. The promised benefits are far too great to be compatible with safety.

"Fifty" (Sandown).—They are $100 shares, and 500 shares would be the equivalent of £1,000 stock nominal—that is to say, a move of a point either way would be equal to £10.

D. S. (Troon).—Your money is much safer where it is.

M. E. (Scarborough).—The last making up price was 7s. 6d. I am informed the company is doing fairly well and the value of the shares likely to improve.

"Mark" (Yeovil).—Nos. 1, 5, and 6 are fairly good holdings. Sell the others.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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The Weather as a Hobby

ALL YOU NEED IS A FEW CHEAP INSTRUMENTS AND THE FACULTY OF OBSERVATION.

It is quite unnecessary to make out any case in favour of the weather as a subject of hourly interest to the average man. The closeness with which we all watch the weather's changes, and its anticipated changes, is sufficient proof that it occupies a very large share of every man's attention.

Only in the most casual way, however, does the average man "follow" the weather. He gives it no organised study, but only momentary attention from time to time.

There is, however, a very great deal more in what may comprehensively be called "the weather" than the average man ever dreams of.

MAKE YOUR OWN OBSERVATIONS.

He reads of depressions, cyclones, anti-cyclones, rain by the inch, or the hundredth of an inch, of maximum and minimum temperatures, of shade temperatures, and sun temperatures, and of many other matters concerned with meteorology, but he has probably only a vague notion of how these things are obtained, and of what they signify precisely.

Still less does he dream that at a very small outlay, and in a very small space, he himself might be making all the observations and recording all the interesting facts of temperature, air pressure, &c., that he now accepts from the newspapers, which, in turn, get them from the Meteorological Office.

Here, then, for his guidance, are a few of the simpler instruments that may be easily read by anyone.

First of all come the thermometers, recording, by means of spirit or mercury in a vacuum tube, the degrees of heat and cold.

LEAVING A RECORD.

These may be of the single tube variety, in which the mercury simply rises and falls according as the temperature does the same, or they may be of a slightly more complicated kind, which marks the maximum temperature of the day or the minimum temperature of the night, and makes a record of it for the observer when he looks at the instrument next morning.

None of these thermometers need be expensive, though they will not be of the finest make, or of the most accurate character if only a shilling or two is their price.

The next part of the observer's equipment should be the barometer, which will be found somewhat more expensive, inasmuch as it does work of a more complicated kind.

The pressure of the atmosphere is ever varying, and with it the weather varies, and the barometer records these variations, and thereby enables us to tell to some degree what kind of weather is on the way.

RAIN GAUGES.

Apart from this primary use of the barometer, its construction and the natural forces that act upon it and are recorded, are of a fascinating kind, and lead one into all sorts of channels of knowledge and study.

Another essential instrument is the rain-gauge. Like the thermometer, it is merely a recording instrument, one by which rainfall can be measured to the hundredth part of an inch.

In buying a rain-gauge full directions will be given, if asked for, as to how it should be fixed, and where it should be placed, and as to how the rain it collects should be measured. These are simple operations, requiring ordinary care, but repaying the observer a hundredfold in interest.

There are many other instruments for doing more complicated meteorological work, but they are not necessary to those who are not very deep indeed in the subject.

With the three here named an immense amount of accurate weather knowledge can be gained.

With the least attractive aspect of the subject is that daily records of heat, cold, rainfall, etc., can be kept with these three instruments. When many records have been accumulated there is the additional pleasure of comparing one day, week, month, season, or year with another.

Having these instruments, it is an additional source of interest to read the signs of sky and earth, the direction and force of the wind, and the condition of the atmosphere. These observations, taken in conjunction with the accurate reading of the thermometer, and especially of the barometer, will enable very accurate forecasts to be made.

Insensibly the observer will obtain a firmer grasp of the intricate problems involved in the study of weather, and will discover that weather forecasts are not, as so many people still seem to imagine, merely a matter of good or bad guessing.

POSSIBILITY OF FRESH DISCOVERIES.

The science of weather forecasting is admittedly in its infancy. It is all the more possible, therefore, that any careful watcher may come upon some useful secret that may solve one of the many meteorological problems.

Already important facts have been brought to light by so-called amateur observers.

But whether this happens or not, the possession of accurate instruments can be made a source of extreme interest, and much may be understood concerning the fascinating subject of weather.

C. Easton-Grey.

"I Feel a Bigger Man."

I.C.S. training makes a man feel "big." It gives him such thorough technical, theoretical and practical knowledge of his trade or profession that he *knows* and feels that he is a bigger man than the majority. That is the feeling that commands success. The International Correspondence Schools takes even those who know little, and makes them experts; it takes those who have no prospects and fits them for higher wages. This letter is typical:—

"I am more than satisfied with your easy method of instruction, also with the valuable information I have received, which I have at times thought it was impossible for me to obtain in my station of life."
George W. Gower, Belvedere.

The I.C.S. train you *for* your work while *at* your work. Remember—each I.C.S. course is *complete*. I.C.S. graduates seldom want berths or wait long for promotion. Each year an average of 4,000 I.C.S. students *report increased wages*. Last year the increases averaged 54% per student reporting.

The I.C.S. save you the trouble of attending evening classes—save you heavy fees—and all extras. All this on terms to suit *your* pocket. Finally, they help you to find better paid posts, free of charge.

Send the coupon *now*.

"The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. way"
—over 100,000 I.C.S. students affirm it *is* so.

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Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify to enter, or to obtain a larger salary in, the occupation or profession **before** which I have marked X (or in the one stated here .....)

Mechanical Engineering	Analytical Chemistry	Business Training
Electrical Engineering	Gas Power and Oil Engines	Window Dressing
Mining Engineering	Textile Manufacturing	Modern Languages
Civil Engineering	Architecture	Civil Service
Motor —Aviation	Applied Art & Design	University and Professional Prelim. Exams.
Steam Engineering	Advertising	*Over 180 Courses in all.*
Marine Engineering		

Name.....

Address.....

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

S. D. (Wolverhampton).—Under Rugby Union rules, a man may play for the county in which he was born or in which he has resided for three months previous to playing. No man may play for more than one county during the same season.

J. R. F. (Camden Town).—Although you are a foreman printer earning over £5 a week and well able to afford to row for the love of it, the Amateur Rowing Association would not recognise you as an amateur. In their snobbish opinion you are guilty of earning your living with your hands.

"Emigrant" (Luton).—Be very careful in dealing with any person advertising to find employment for emigrants in the Colonies. Such advertisers are frequently frauds. If they want a premium have nothing to do with them.

A. N. (Birkenhead).—An M.P. who is made bankrupt must resign his seat, but a naval or military officer in like case is not necessarily obliged to resign his commission, though he must submit to a Court of Inquiry. If his bankruptcy has been caused by pure misfortune, such as a bank failure, an officer would usually be allowed to retain his commission.

"Bernard" (Grimsby) points out that an Army bandmaster gets £70 a year extra from the Band Fund, not £10, as we stated. It was a printer's error. The compositor responsible has been duly disembowelled.

D. M. W. (Buxton).—It was Longfellow who called the stars the "forget-me-nots of the angels."

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars, the 'forget-me-nots' of the angels."—*Evangeline.*

Charming, but the lines do not scan.

"Punter" (Ealing).—The true odds against "spotting" a single number at roulette are 36 to 1, but the bank lays only 35 to 1. Hence the riches of Monsieur Blanc.

F. T. (Aberdeen).—The Duffs are not a true Highland clan.

N. B. (Bedford).—An officer *always* salutes with the right hand.

"George" (Hendon).—When the colours of two competing football clubs are similar, the home team must change.

C. M. (Salford).—"Peterloo," or the "Manchester Massacre," was an attack by the military on a reform meeting at St. Peter's Fields, Manchester, Aug. 16, 1819. Peterloo is, of course, an allusion to Waterloo. Next, please.

C. R. A. (Warwick).—Almost as terrible a calamity as for a lady Post Office clerk to feel female.

R. K. (Brighton).—The first president of the Football Association was Mr. A. Pember, of the "N. N.'s," Kilburn, who reigned from 1863 to 1870. He was followed by E. C. Morley (Barnes), to whom succeeded Major Marindin, R.E., 1874-1890, since when Lord Kinnaird has occupied the chair.

S. S. (Cardiff).—An "honourable" is addressed in writing as "The Hon. So-and-So," but is spoken to as So-and-So.

J. C. (Bolton), **F. F. R.** (Winchester), **H. J.** (Gorleston), **B. McD.** (Swansea), **R. E. H.** (Belfast), **C. H.** (Middlesbrough), **F. B.** (Ipswich), **G. A.** (Glasgow).—We are much obliged to you.

FOOTBALL GOSSIP.

PARS ABOUT CLUBS AND PLAYERS.

In view of the fact that such a large proportion of the players in the big English League clubs hail from "over the Tweed," much interest was evinced in the match which brought together, at Middlesbrough, teams representative of the English and Scottish Leagues. There was a good crowd of no fewer than 30,000 spectators.

At the start, play ruled very even. England took the ball into Scottish territory, where Brownlee had to save hot shots from Freeman and Buchan; but it was not long before the Northerners' forwards were surging round the English goal, and Williamson, the English custodian, had no little trouble in repelling drives from Cunningham and Bennett. It was in the second half, however, that the English forwards really asserted themselves, and, showing distinct superiority in this department, the Southrons came out winners by two goals to nil. A word of praise, however, must not be omitted for Quinn, Scotland's centre-forward, who played a splendid game, and was more than once unlucky in not scoring with really excellent shots.

Blackburn Rovers are still at the head of the League, and in a stronger position than ever, as a result of beating Aston Villa, by 3—0, on the latter's ground. By beating Sunderland by 3—1, at home, Newcastle United secured second place over the head of Everton, who were defeated by 3—0 by Oldham Athletic, at Oldham. Playing on their own ground, Bradford City could only draw with Woolwich Arsenal, the end coming with the scores 1—1. The Southerners played a very fast game, which took a lot of the steam out of the Bradford defence in the early stages.

By beating Notts Forest by 3—2 at Nottingham, Chelsea were responsible for a particularly meritorious performance. Whittingham was, as usual, the observed of all observers, performing the "hat trick," or, in other words, scoring every one of his side's three goals. Chelsea are now second on the Second League list, one point behind Burnley, the leaders, and, if the London club retains its present form till the end of the season, it should be safe to figure promoted in Division I. in 1912-13.

G. K.

Our Fountain Pens.

THE MODERN MAN half-guinea Fountain Pen will be sent to any reader in the United Kingdom for 1s. and 12 Pen Coupons.

The nib is 14-carat solid gold, and ball-pointed. The ink is supplied by a twin-feed, with spiral attachment. The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased. It is packed in a special box, with glass-filler and full directions.

A pocket clip to fix the pen securely in the vest pocket is presented absolutely free.

On page 658 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch people of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	3s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	3s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	3s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	3s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Also write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, or gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

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The League Badge Actual Size.

THE TAKING OF "FLASH" McFADDEN

THE STORY OF A PLOT THAT FAILED.

By CHARLES STEPHENS.

"Flash" McFadden is not his real name, for the good reason that this is a true story; but the title will suffice to designate a man whom the police, and most people who have a knowledge of the doings "behind the scenes" in the West-End of London, will recognise readily.

"Flash" McFadden prospered—and prospered exceedingly for a while, for he had struck out a new idea in crime. He had a gift of organisation which, in a legitimate sphere of activity, would have meant permanent and honourable eminence for him. "Flash" McFadden was an employer of criminal labour.

More than one man, on coming out of one of His Majesty's prisons for the first time, has owed his speedy reincarceration to "Flash" McFadden. He made a point periodically of meeting such men, at some little distance from the gates of their late residence, and with more or less trouble, according to the character of the man, enlisting their services for some ingenious criminal scheme of his own. In each case McFadden got all but the tiniest percentage of the spoils, while in the event of detection by the police, the employee found himself the only prisoner, McFadden having cunningly contrived that there should be not the most fragmentary particle of evidence against him. In fact, his name never cropped up, and though the police had the strongest suspicions against him in more than one crooked business, they writhed in their impotence to apprehend him.

The case of the "British, Foreign, and Colonial Eezi-Shav Company" was typical of most of his enterprises. This is the story.

McFadden was strolling along Pall Mall East one morning thinking very deeply. A new and excellent scheme had occurred to him, and when he espied "Parson" Costigan, thin, hungry-looking, shabby and unshaven, trying to slink past him, the "Flash" one grabbed him exultingly.

"Parson!" he cried. "The *very* man! Get a meal and a new ready-made rig-out, and meet me at the 'Pond of Gore' in an hour's time." He handed "Parson," so-called because of his deceptively sanctimonious appearance, some money; and went off hurriedly. It would not do at all to be seen by a "slop," talking to "Parson."

Punctually at the time appointed, "Parson" Costigan, arrayed in a new "reach-me-down" blue serge suit, which fitted him quite passably, appeared at the "Pond of Gore," a shyly-retiring gambling club, close to Shaftesbury Avenue, which gained its sanguinary title because of the numbers of innocent punters who were "cut up" by the bookmakers who daily had their being there.

"Flash" McFadden was there, too, and he lost no time in outlining his scheme.

"There's a commodious furnished office in Whitcomb Street to let," he said. "You've got to take it. I'll give you the money. Then you must take these advertisements I've had typed, round to all the papers on this list," handing over another sheet of paper. "I'll give you the money for that too. Then all you've got to do is to sit in the office, and in the evening unfix the letter-box (a special one I'll have installed) from the door, and bring it to me at the room I occupy at the Buckstone Hotel."

"H'm," said "Parson," doubtfully, "and what do *I* get out of it, eh?"

"A fair share—I'm always fair, as you know"—Mr. Costigan did not appear too responsive—"of what's in the letter-box," smiled Mr. McFadden, with a wink of much meaning. "Come on, you had better agree, or I *might* babble about the letters which were written to the Duke of Blankshire by somebody I know, and——"

The "Parson" jumped. He gave a helpless flutter of his hands. "You know *that?*" he whispered. "You're worse than the Old Gentleman, you are, Mac. All right, I'll do it."

And so it came to pass. Alluring little advertisements appeared, offering guaranteed guinea-value "Eezi-Shav" safety razors on the receipt of a shilling P.O. by the "British, Foreign, and Colonial Eezi-Shav Company." A letter-box with a very narrow slit, in which letters could be inserted, but not withdrawn without "Flash" McFadden's patent key, was fixed to the inside of the door. This Costigan took every night to McFadden, and a sharing-out process followed, whereat "Flash" rejoiced exceedingly, and the "Parson" grew more solemnly lugubrious than ever.

McFadden was wise enough to buy a hundred or so cheap razors at market rates, and send them to the applicants who lived within very easy access of his office—and these razors he kept in his room at the hotel. Another master stroke was to have some hundreds of postcards Roneo'd, expressing regret that press of business entailed orders being taken in rotation, which might mean a delay of even a fortnight or so. These he sent out in answer to any communications asking uncomfortable questions. They were all addressed by the "Parson."

Business boomed. As a result of eulogistic "testimonials" being printed in the advertisements, the letter-box bulged nightly. Some letters, from club secretaries, and barbers with an eye to selling razors at a profit, contained orders for dozens of the "Eezi-Shav" machines. "Flash" McFadden rubbed his hands gleefully.

"We'll keep it up a few weeks longer, Parson," he said. "Then you can bunk off abroad, or anywhere you like; and as for me, I've managed so 'cutely that I'd be as unsuspected as the Pope of Rome." He chuckled fatly.

Then the end came. One night just as "Parson" was about to unfix the letter-box as usual for transportation, a light knock sounded on the door, which was locked. Parson did not move. Then another faint knock, and a whisper reached his ears: "Lemme in. It's important. A message from "Flash Mac."

Parson opened the door, and a big man sidled in.

"Well, who does Mac want?" asked Costigan.

"*I've got you!*" exclaimed the other in triumph. "You know him, and he's in this, too! I want you, and I want Mac as well for more jobs than one. Take me to him. It'll be the better for you. . . ."

It was clear that the "Parson" had a good share of the honour that exists among thieves, for he refused stoutly for a while. Then the big man leaned forward and whispered.

"Parson's" face took on a dingy paleness. He nodded dumbly, waving his hands half despairingly, as though he were going to do something which he knew was wrong.

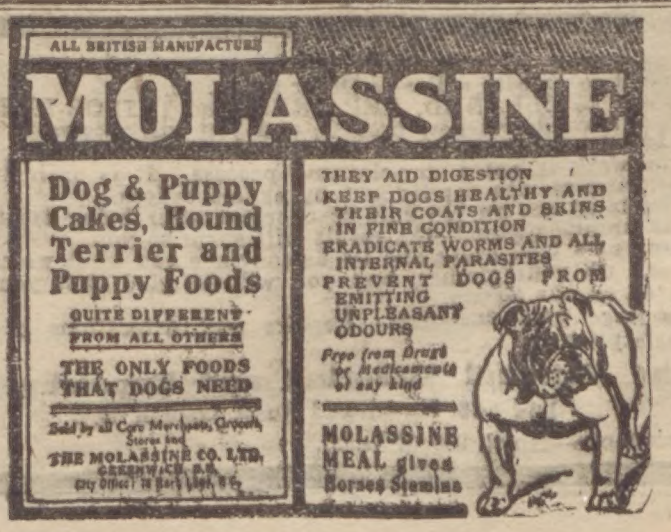
"What d'you want? Who's this?" snapped "Flash" Mac, when his employee ushered his new acquaintance into the "Flash" one's room.

"A gentleman who is strangely annoyed at not receiving his razor," explained Costigan suavely. "He seemed so upset that I brought him round so that you could supply him with one."

"How do you take the blade out?" asked the now apparently appeased customer, and "Flash" Mac demonstrated. But in an instant the razor dropped from his outstretched hands, and a neat contrivance on his impotently struggling wrists made a sort of barbaric music. "Flash" McFadden was taken at last.

As the detective led the two away, he glared at Costigan. "I'll make you sweat for this!" he said.

But a subsequent verdict ordained that he should not increase the "Parson's" temperature for ten years at least.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MOLASSINE
Dog & Puppy Cakes, Hound Terrier and Puppy Foods
QUITE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS
THE ONLY FOODS THAT DOGS NEED
THEY AID DIGESTION
KEEP DOGS HEALTHY AND THEIR COATS AND SKINS IN FINE CONDITION
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MOLASSINE MEAL gives Horses Stamina

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE PERSUASIVE SHOPMAN.

My friend, Mr. W. K. Haselden, the brilliant cartoonist, has been turning his attention to the persuasive shopman, and with his accustomed humour and penetration.

Of course, there is jocular exaggeration in Mr. Haselden's pictures of the man who, as the result of the wiles of the persuasive shopman, appears wearing a topper perched on the top of his head, a collar several sizes too large for him, boots of the Little Tich pattern, and other garments in disproportion, but Mr. Haselden is never untrue to human nature. Is there one of us who can lay his hand on his shirt-front and declare that he has never left a men's wear shop, either with some article that he did not want, or having knowingly purchased something totally unsuited to him? I doubt it.

"Business is business," and it is the shopman's duty to make a sale, but some of them unquestionably overdo it, and lose customers.

A particularly exasperating variety of the over-persuasive shopman is he who, not having what you want in stock, tries to force a substitute upon you.

NOT IN STOCK

The other day, wanting some coloured shirts with stiff cuffs, I entered a strange hosier's and stated my requirements. The shopman apparently did not hear me, for he produced boxes of tunic shirts, and I explained that I did not want them. He called to another assistant to fetch up stiff-cuffed shirts, and then remarked that they were very little worn, and proceeded to expatiate on the merits of tunic shirts. I let him run on, and after a lengthy interval he had to admit that he had no shirts such as I required in stock, and again tried to persuade me to buy what I did not want.

If he had told me at once that he could not serve me, I should have given him the chance of obtaining the desired article. As it was, I left the shop without purchasing anything, and shall take jolly good care never to enter again.

I am far from saying that a shopman cannot give honest advice, more particularly as regards the quality of anything you are buying, but I don't believe in trusting to his taste as to what will suit me.

In the case of anything "freakish," such as a hat of peculiar shape, it is folly to take the salesman's assurance that it suits you to a T.

Freak fashions soon pass, and there is an obvious temptation to the shopman to get rid of anything outré before it is left on his hands.

But I do not pretend to be more than human, and I have at least three hats with none of which should I care to be found dead in a ditch.

A TROUSER NOTE.

Trousers this season will be cut peg-top fashion—that is, tapering from the hip to the ankle.

This will suit tall men, but will accentuate the tubbiness of the short and full-waisted, more especially as coats will again be shaped at the waist.

RED COATS FOR GOLF.

Another correspondent says he is going in for golf, and asks whether it is necessary to buy a red coat. Emphatically no, unless his links is one of those public courses where the wearing of a red coat to warn the public is compulsory by local municipal law.

On the ordinary private course, however, the red coat is practically extinct.

When golf became popular in England, many clubs blossomed forth into golfing uniforms, and even went so far as to have a golfing evening dress, in imitation of the "pink" of a hunting man at a hunt ball. But ridicule soon killed that idea, and the whole tendency in golfing attire nowadays is towards simplicity and unobtrusiveness.

Study the photographs in the sporting journals of leading golfers, and you will find that many of them do not even go in for even Norfolk jacket suits, but wear ordinary tweeds or flannels.

You see, many business men manage, in summer-time, to get in a round of golf between leaving business and dinner. Nobody thinks twice about it if they come to business in a tweed or flannel suit, but there certainly would be comment if they turned up in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers.

On the other hand, the time spent on changing into golfing clothes after leaving business might make all the difference between having a round in comfort and having to hurry through it, and so crowds of business men go straight from office to links and play in their everyday clothes.

There is no need for my correspondent to invest in a red coat, subject to the qualification stated, nor need he go to the expense of getting any special clothes for golf.

THE DICKENS TO PAY AT ETON.

Stands Eton were she did? Apparently, no. In a recent number of the "Eton Chronicle" the editor deplores the fact that many of the boys have taken to wearing dicky-fronts and enters an eloquent appeal for the white shirt, the white shirt, and nothing but the white shirt.

He has my support. The average Eton boy has no more

That Old Suit or Overcoat of yours is good for further service.

3/6 will make it look new.

If your suit or overcoat is wrinkled or shabby from wear, send it to us with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our wonderful new process, and you will receive it within a few days, looking like a brand new suit or overcoat.
Our work is not a dry-cleaning process. It is exclusively a tailoring service carried out by expert tailors.
You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our unique method, the result will surprise you.
Send us a trial order and let us convince you what we can do. Pack up your clothes, and you will be glad that you have acted on our advice.
Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.

The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.,
144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.
Telephone—North 260 (2 lines).

IF IT'S A McKINLEY
That is all you need know about a suit.

Because the "McKinley" standard represents the Hall-Mark of Tailoring Perfection. The McKinley goods are made from genuine Scotch and English materials, are cut and tailored by expert London workmen, and although sold at lower prices than is usual for high-class goods, they have all the qualities of goods for which double the price is charged elsewhere.

Suits (to measure) **30/-** to **50/-**
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Carriage Paid. No Extras, and we refund your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

Send to-day for our Booklet "MN," our splendid range of Free Samples, Fashion Plates, copies of Unsolicited Testimonials, tape measure, and the McKinley scientific self-measurement chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY (Tailoring Dept.), **7, Gresham St., London, E.**

When answering Advertisements, please mention "The Modern Man."

to economise on his laundry bill. Apart from this, the wearing of a dickie is a matter of self-respect. I place the dickie on the same low level as sham jewellery. It is a pretence, a piece of sartorial snobbery. Long ago, when coloured shirts were unknown, the poor man had, perhaps, some excuse for wearing a dickie and cuffs, but he has none now.

The man who would stoop to the deception—patent deception though it usually is—of a dickie, is likely to be false in other things.

Eton will flourish no longer if she descend to such base sartorial subterfuges.

SKATERS IN TOP-HATS.

A correspondent inquires whether it is true that members of the All-England Skating Club wear top-hats and morning-coats when skating. Some of them still adhere to this ancient custom, but during the recent frost most of the members skated in tweeds and bowlers.

A bowler, by the way, is a sensible hat for figure skating. Even the best of skaters may come a cropper when trying a difficult figure, and the bowler has saved many a cracked head.

In ordinary skating you may tumble, but are unlikely to come on your head, but in figure skating a mistake may easily mean a sudden pitch forwards or backwards on to your skull, and the hard rim of the bowler is a safeguard.

CHEAP HATS.

As my readers know, I am a firm believer in the maxim "The best is cheapest in the end," but I am not sure that this is true of hats, or at least not of all hats.

A cheap "topper" is an abomination and a false economy. "Cut" is as important in a silk hat as in a coat, and the cheap topper is never well cut. It loses such shape as it has in no time, and a single shower of rain will make it permanently seedy.

On the other hand, I believe in the cheap bowler at, say, 5s. or 6s., and in the cheap straw hat at 3s. 6d. I was once lured into giving 12s. 6d. for a straw hat. I still have it—a perfect white elephant. So far as wear goes there are years of life in it—in fact, I don't believe it will ever wear out—but it proclaims itself as an old hat.

A good topper is often improved by ironing and blocking, and is impossible to distinguish from a new one after treatment, but I don't think that the straw hat that has been cleaned deceives anybody.

Therefore, I believe in buying two or three cheap straws in preference to one expensive one.

CLOTHES AND COLDS.

The clothing we wear has undoubtedly an important influence on our susceptibility to catching cold.

Far more colds are caught from wearing too much clothing than from wearing too little.

Wet clothing is not dangerous in itself, but only becomes so when you sit or stand still in it.

Always have an extra wrap of some kind to put on immediately after taking hard exercise, but do not take strenuous exercise when heavily clad.

FANCY BOOTS.

In a bootmaker's window I noticed the other day a pair of brown boots with green cloth uppers. They did not meet with my august approval for two reasons.

In the first place, brown boots are meant to be worn with a lounge suit, and a "dressy" boot of this description would in my opinion be quite as much out of place with tweeds as patent leather with flannels.

Next, the colour of the uppers was too vivid. It was a bright, staring emerald green, which would be visible for miles around, and the last thing that a well-dressed man desires to do is to attract attention to his boots or to any one article of his attire.

It is one thing to induce people to look twice at him because he conveys a general impression of smartness and becoming dress, but he fails utterly in his aim to be well-dressed if the effect is to make people exclaim at the shape of his hat, the pattern of his waistcoat, or the make of his boots.

At the same time I have a decided fondness for the boot with cloth uppers, but the leather must be patent, the cloth light grey or fawn, and, above all, the boot must be smartly cut and fit perfectly.

Then such a boot must be worn only with a frock or morning-coat, and is best suited to Bond Street, or fashionable day functions—e.g., a smart garden party, when the men will be in full dress.

On no account should a boot with fancy uppers be worn with evening dress.

WHAT TO DO WITH OLD CLOTHES.

Probably this winter has seen the last of some of your clothes. What are you going to do with them? Sell them? What you will get for them won't be worth considering, and you will only be putting the money in the pocket of some frowsy dealer.

Much better send them to some charitable institution, such as the Ragged School Union. They can do something with them, no matter how dilapidated.

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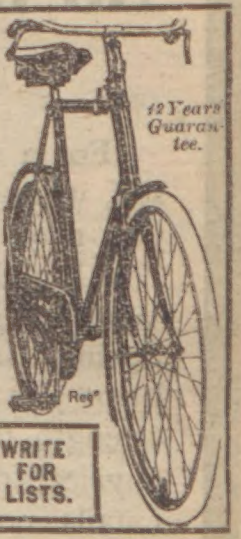

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of your failures from her? Well, write at once. He says himself: "I shall be in your life but once; any good I can do let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again." Send name and birth date with directed envelope in your own handwriting. If convenient, send 6d. in stamps of your country to cover postage, &c.

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This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days *Free Trial,* should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL.

Signed..... *Age*.....

Address.....

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Please cross out sizes not required.

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